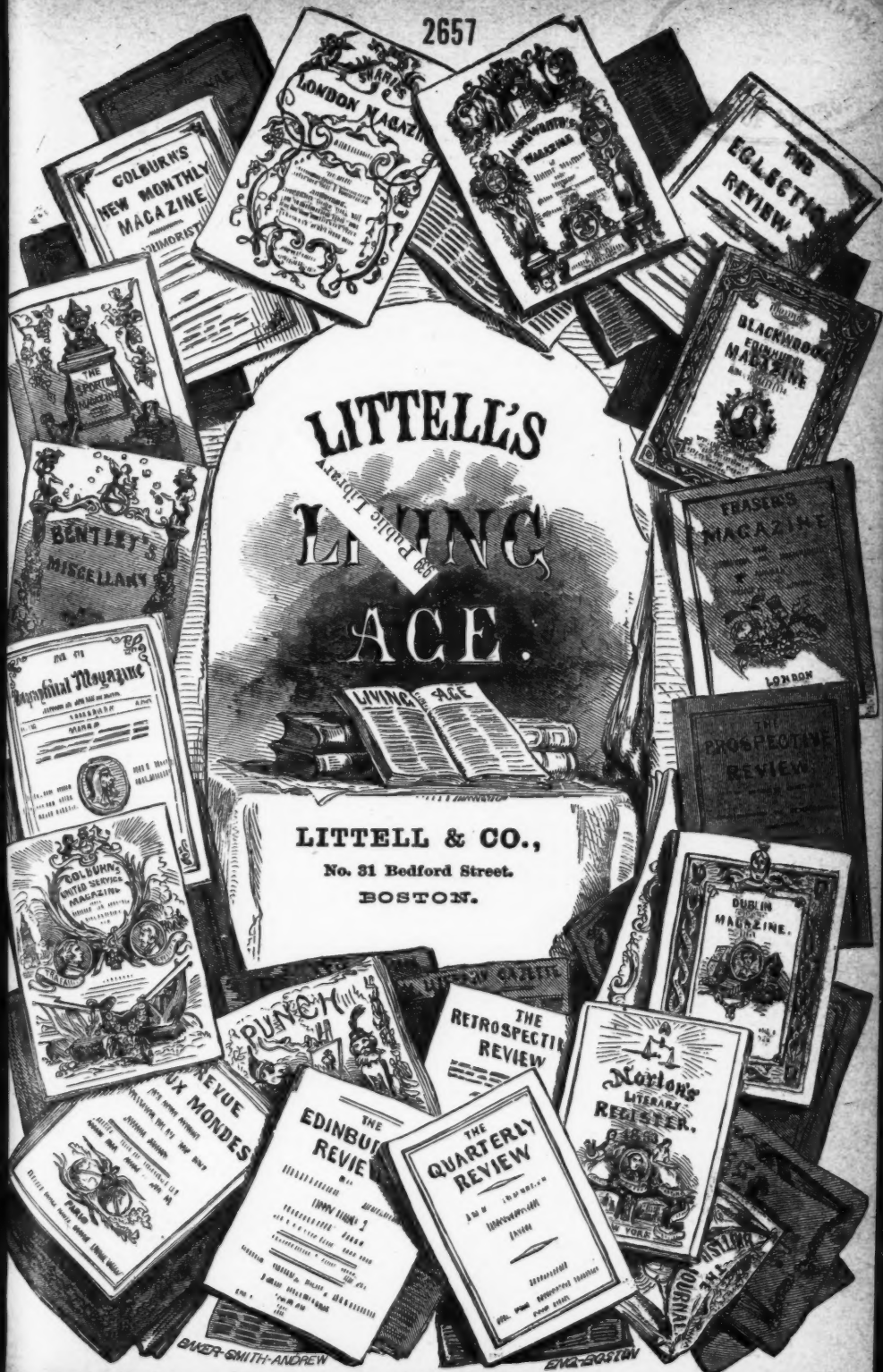


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Vol. CCV. }

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LINKED LIVES.

A LITTLE toddling boy at play,
An elder girl, alert and gay,
Kind guardian of his infant way —
Small Charles, wise Mary.

A youth — with longings unfulfilled —
To Poesie his life-work willed,
A maid distraught — a mother killed —
Sad Charles, mad Mary.

A brother giving up his life,
His cherished dreams, his fancies rife,
To soothe his sister's bitter strife —
True Charles, tried Mary.

Year after year of "drudgery dry,"
With cheerful mien, with ne'er a sigh,
That loved one's comfort to supply —
Brave Charles, bless'd Mary.

Scant hours of rest and freedom sweet
Dear friends by his own hearth to greet,
The sister making home complete —
Bright Charles, fond Mary.

At length the treasures of his mind
He poured forth freely for mankind
When Elia's deathless name he signed —
Glad Charles, proud Mary.

Then summers ten of ease and rest,
With kindly word and ready jest,
Though oft did anguish wring his breast —
Lone Charles, crazed Mary.

But when the cloud had passed away,
Once more the gayest of the gay
On every theme his wit would play —
Quaint Charles, calm Mary.

And best we love to paint them so,
Forgetting those dim years of woe —
When he was dead — ere she could go, —
Dear Charles, dear Mary.

Than theirs, whose record shows more fair?
With martyr's ordeal may compare
Those lives of "dual liveness" rare —
"Saint" Charles, his Mary!

DORA CAVE.

Clifton, October, 1894. Blackwood's Magazine.

WE were playing on the green together,
My sweetheart and I —
Oh! so heedless in the gay June weather,
When the word went forth that we must die.
Oh! so merrily the balls of amber
And of ivory tossed we to the sky,

While the word went forth in the king's
chamber
That we both must die.

Oh! so idly, straying through the plea-
saunce,

Plucked we here and there
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence
The king's son was casting from his hair
Glory of the wreathen gold that crowned it,
And ungirdling all his garment fair,
Flinging by the jewelled clasp that bound
it,

With his feet made bare.

Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,
Ashes on his head,
Came he, through the rose and citron alleys
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,
And a hempen halter — oh! we jested
Lightly, and we laughed as he was led
To the torture, while the bloom we breasted
Where the grapes grew red.

Oh! so sweet the birds, when he was
dying,

Piped to her and me —
Is no room this glad June day for sighing —
He is dead, and she and I go free!
When the sun shall set on all our pleasure
We will mourn him — What, so you de-
cree

We are heartless — Nay, but in what meas-
ure

Do you more than we?

MAY PROBYN.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BECAUSE the world is very stern;
Because the work is very long;
Because the foes are very strong,
Whatever side I turn:

Because my courage ebbs away;
Because my spirit's eyes are dim;
Because with failures to the brim
My cup fills day by day:

Because forbidden ways invite;
Because the smile of sin is sweet;
Because so readily run my feet
Toward paths that close in night:

Because God's face I long to see;
Because God's image stamps me yet:
Oh! by Thy Passion, Christ, forget
Me not, who fly to thee!

SELWYN IMAGE.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE CONCIERGERIE.¹

ENGLISH visitors to the French capital have often gazed with interest at the round towers, conical spires, and long stone façade of the oldest and most memorable prison of Paris, and felt a strong desire to visit the interior of the famous Conciergerie. In September, 1893—the centenary year of the most blood-stained period in the existence of the prison—a student of the Revolution obtained from the Préfecture de Police a card of admission which enabled him to gratify a long-cherished wish. With some little excitement our student stood upon the Quai de l'Horloge, between the great round towers, called *la tour de César* and *la tour d'Argent*. Until 1864 the waters of the Seine washed the foot of the iron walls and the bases of the massive towers; but now both walls and towers rise out of the pavement of a tolerably broad *quai* which extends between the quiet river and the picturesque old prison. The visitor stops before a large iron doorway, which contains a small door, furnished with *un petit Judas*, through which the janitor can inspect him. He rings a heavy bell which, to the fancy, seems to sound with a hollow, sepulchral tone; and then the lesser door is opened, and a French jailer appears. The present functionary—who bends over the order of admission—is a man of about fifty, short, moderately stout, with iron grey hair, a sallow face, and little hard eyes which look about suspiciously. The student raises the foot and bows the head as he enters through the little door, and finds himself in a dark courtyard. The wish of years is fulfilled at last, and he actually stands within that Conciergerie which holds so grim a place in history, in romance, and in terrible human tragedy.

The full title of the place is *la Con-*

ciergerie du Palais de Paris. It was, in old times, a prison forming part of the palace of the kings of France; and, as in the case of our own Tower, palace and prison were Siamese twins. Turning to the right out of the courtyard, the guide unlocks a heavy door, descends a few steps, and ushers the visitor into the noble old guard-room of the palace of the kings. Here everything is mediæval in character. Columns rise from the stone floor and spread themselves out into vaulted, groined, springing arches extending to the roof. The place stands silent and empty. It is one that appears to require fullness of life; but there is now no clash of arms, no glint of armor; no groups of armed soldiers throng the floor between the gracefully stalwart columns; and no voices are echoed by the shadowy, vaulted roof. Over a stone wall which rises to about the height of a man's chin, the eye looks into the *cuisines de Saint-Louis*, so called, and into bare hearths and cold fire-places. The guard-chamber is picturesque and imposing in its stately architecture, and vividly suggests visions of the state and splendor of that feudal royalty which needed ample military watch and guard. Time, which changes so many things, has given up the old palace of the kings to become a palace of justice. Palace and prison were rebuilt by King Robert (1031–1060), and Saint Louis and Philippe le Bel greatly enlarged the stately edifice; but, in the Conciergerie, one lingers almost impatiently over the relics of feudalism, eager to begin to see all that is still left of the great prison of the French Revolution. The connection of the Conciergerie with the Revolutionary Tribunal, and with its many victims, is the dominant fact in the history of the prison. We are disposed to neglect its criminals in favor of its victims; and yet the two towers at the entrance contained the dungeons of Ravallac and of Damiens. These two criminals were tortured, as were others, in the *tour de Bon-Bec*, dite *la Barvarde*, dite aussi *tour de Saint-Louis*.

1. *L'Histoire des Prisons*. Par P. J. R. Nougaret. Paris, 1797.

2. *Les Prisons de Paris sous la Révolution, d'après les relations des Contemporains*. Avec des Notes et une Introduction par C. A. Dauban. Paris, 1870.

Their dungeons in the two main towers are now used as prison offices ; and the *cabinet du directeur* is in the *tour de César*.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was installed in the Conciergerie on the 2nd of April, 1793 ; and its sittings were held in the room which is now *la première chambre civile* of the Palace of Justice. With the creation of the dread tribunal began the last bloody act of the French Revolution in the Conciergerie. The comparatively unaltered and yet much altered ancient part of the prison witnessed some of the most moving scenes, enclosed the most eminent victims, contained some of the greatest villains, of the catastrophe. That part which we are now about to enter, still affords evidence for history, material for romance, and stories of pathos. Even now, a visit to the Conciergerie is sorrowful, painful, sombre. It stirs feelings, wholly deep and somewhat morbid, at the thought of the horrors, sorrows, sufferings, tears, despair, which its dumb walls have witnessed. It forms a stage on which were displayed such agony, so much heroism, that a sight of it excites both pity and admiration. It is haunted by phantoms of jailers, headsmen, and their hosts of victims. The shadow of dreadful memories descends upon us as we tread its stones.

From the *Salle des Gardes* the ancient prison is entered through the *rue de Paris*—a vast, dark corridor, which in Revolution days was lined with rows of dismal cells always crowded to excess. It has contained two hundred and fifty prisoners at the same time. A frightful black *couloir*, with barred gates, is this memorable passage ; and the cell of the queen is to the right when the "street" ceases. Near to it is the *ancienne cour de la Conciergerie*, male and female prisoners being separated by a tall barrier of railings, whose bars could not preclude *tendres épanchements*. From the high walls, of a dead, dirty-white, the heavily barred windows of two upper stories of dungeons look into the court. Here are the windows of the cells of Marie Antoinette, of

Robespierre, of Madame Roland, of André Chénier, of Madame du Barry, and of other famous prisoners. The cells of the old Conciergerie were occupied by female prisoners ; males being incarcerated in the part called *l'enceinte cellulaire*, which is not now shown. The Conciergerie was then the antechamber of the Tribunal, and the storehouse for the guillotine. It is to-day a modern prison for vulgar crime, and visitors are not allowed to enter any cell in which criminals are confined. The cell of Madame Roland on the first floor (she did not occupy it alone) was thus closed because it was tenanted by two scoundrels. It resembles other cells on the same floor. A part of the prison which retains many of its old features is the yard, in which the fountain still exists at which so many ladies washed their linen and their dresses. The women's court is very little altered, and needs only to be re-peopled by the imagination.

The prisoners of the Revolution were divided into two classes — *les pistoliers*, or those who could pay for a bed ; and *les pailleux*, or those who, unable to pay anything, were herded in heaps upon foul, never-changed straw, in cells on the ground-floor. The condition of the prison was insanitary and indescribably foul. The place was so crowded that no payment could secure a cell for one occupant, and as many beds as it would hold were crammed into *une chambre dite de pistole*. No part of the prison was worse than the infirmary. Prisoners, except those in the *cachots*, were shut out of their dungeons at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and then resorted to the yard, to the women's court, or to the vestibule for men. They were, or sometimes were not, locked in their cells about sunset, when jailers were often drunk, and unable, even when sober, to go through the form of calling over names. The stench of the *griaches* penetrated to the very *greffe*, and food was bad. In cold or heat, prisoners, especially the poor *pailleux*, were wretchedly off ; and their only comfort was, that they would not have to wait

long before being transferred to the scaffold. The site of the old office can still be distinguished; there prisoners were received and their names recorded and inscribed.

There was also the *arrière greffe*, divided from the other part by strong bars, and in the office sat the terrible *concierger* Richard, upon whose favor so much depended. Here also prisoners waited for the arrival of Sanson and the tumbrils. The spot can be traced at which the sentences of the Tribunal were read out to those victims, who then learned that they had gained a prize in the lottery of the *sainte guillotine*. A certain significant mark was made with chalk on the doors of the heavily barred, strongly locked cells of the condemned; and then it only remained for Sanson to complete the work of liberty. The extension of the law of suspected persons—under which men or women might be suspected of being *suspect*—filled the prisons of Paris at once with three thousand extra prisoners; and the Conciergerie became frightfully overcrowded. Happily the *suspect* had seldom to wait more than three or four days for the guillotine. The *vestibule de la mort* had to be speedily emptied in order to be again filled.

A little door at the bottom of some steps, in the *rue de Paris*, gives access to the passage leading to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier-Tinville was virtually the governor of the Conciergerie, and this exemplary officer gave the greatest satisfaction to his master, Robespierre. Thoroughly zealous in the discharge of his functions, his work was to him a pleasure. He knew no pedantry, and he shunned no labor. Active and exact, his willingly rendered services were yet overtaken, and, despite all his care, he sometimes overlooked a prisoner—especially one whose name had not been registered—and, by mere inadvertence, let him live on. Such accidents were, however, very rare, and scarcely detract from Tinville's well-merited reputation. He followed implicitly the orders of Robespierre, and was furnished with a

permanently appointed, well-paid jury, who could be trusted not to acquit. This arrangement smoothed the path of duty for *l'homme couteau*, for the ruthless *accusateur*. "*La haine n'avait pas besoin d'être convaincue; elle avait condamné d'avance.*" It was sufficient cause for death to have received "*avec indifférence la constitution républicaine;*" and it is pleasant to record that many meritorious and advanced *sans-culottes* trod the bloody path merely as the victims of obscure private hatreds.

Sanson and his valets arrived daily at the prison, always gay with the prospect of a merry morning's—or afternoon's—work. They never complained of being overtaken. Yet the problem which chiefly troubled the heads of the Tribunal—especially Robespierre—was how to slaughter with sufficient rapidity, and in satisfactory numbers, the so-called aristocrats. Despite the most restless energy, aristocrats and enemies of the dictator so abounded that it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to mow them down with reasonable celerity. Had Robespierre been spared, the Conciergerie would have seen daily *fournées* of one hundred and fifty victims; and it was indeed proposed, in influential quarters, that each Paris prison should have its guillotine working continuously every day; but, despite such eager desire, it remained a difficulty to overtake the necessary work. Robespierre had not Danton's colossal audacity of crime, and hesitated to repeat the wholesale massacre in the prisons. His pettier nature preferred the formalities of the guillotine—if only the untiring machine could be driven fast enough—and much might be achieved with such mechanism. Happily, before Robespierre could guillotine all his enemies, some of them, like Tallien, when themselves in deadly danger, rose against the pitiless dictator and cut short his career. His death put a full stop to that industry of wholesale murder, the development of which is one of the most distinctive glories of the Revolution. The place of Robespierre

never was, nor could be, supplied ; and "Liberty" shrieked as the Terror fell with him.

The courtyards and corridors seem now to be almost painfully silent, empty, deserted. They look desolate and bare ; but how full of seething life they were during the Terror ! The imagination finds it no hard task to repeople them. The void spaces of to-day were then swarming with haggard and feverish life — with life which lived so very near to death — with an agonized, insecure existence haunted always by the ghastly red spectre of the guillotine. Both sexes and all ranks mingled in the court, and even in the dungeons ; early youth herded with senility ; ladies and cavaliers, generals, senators, royalists, rogues, and strumpets — and one most wretched queen — passed through the haunted prison on their way to the indiscriminate scaffold. Loves, flirtations, friendships played a hurried, if sometimes intense, part in the tragic drama of the godless revolution ; and even song, gay with mockery, fevered with despair, echoed through that dreary caravanserai of death, in which the whole area reeked and steamed with the scent and atmosphere of shambles. There was real heroism ; there was gay intrepidity ; there were silent fortitude and defiant desperation. French courage sprang up elastic beneath the horrible pressure of the inevitable ; and French temperament maintained its natural cheerfulness. There were, of course, hectic excitement, factitious bravery, unnatural merriment among the many who were wantonly condemned to unmerited and violent death. Frivolity, brutality, heathen levity, were not wanting ; and who can even imagine the sorrows, the sufferings, the agonies, the partings from the loved, of many of the hapless victims ? Death can scarcely fail to be a fearful thing, but this was death, for no fault or reason, on a high scaffold, and by means of a blood-dripping axe. Among men the Duc de Châtelet alone showed abject cowardice ; though Camille Desmoulins, who had stimulated the crimes

of the Revolution, gorged the prisons, and wearied the knife, showed base pusillanimity when to him came his well-deserved doom.

With what royal heroism died Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday ! They all went to death from the Conciergerie. Fancy creates phantom figures flitting about the then crowded prison ; voices that have so long been silent are heard again ; hands long vanished, are almost touched ; void spaces are re peopled with swarms of fated victims and crowds of ruffianly jailers ; and bright eyes seem yet to glisten with tears of anguish. We know so well how these ghosts of the past dressed and looked in life, that the shifting crowd lives again in the imagination. The headsmen come ; the tumbrils wait — and there are partings. To the morbid fancy, depraved by dungeons, the unheeding sky, seen only in glimpses from the cavernous prison, seems lurid with the crimson shadow of death. Among the other faculties of fantasy, the ear is sensitive ; and as we wander about court and vestibule, we seem to hear the baying of deep-mouthed, great, fierce dogs, — shepherds' dogs, as one might say, since their office was to guard the sheep for the slaughter. Several of these faithful canine animals were employed in the prison ; but one of them, named *Ravage*, was distinguished for ferocity and sagacity. Jailers slept at night near the *cour de préau*, and *Ravage* kept watch there with his master. Some prisoners attempted to escape by boring a hole in the wall. Their chief danger of detection consisted in the watchfulness of *Ravage* ; but, strangely enough, he was silent. His silence was explained, on the following morning, by an assignat of one hundred sous which was tied to his tail, together with a little note on which was written : "On peut corrompre *Ravage* avec un assignat de cent sous et un paquet de pieds de mouton." The depraved dog walked about publishing his own infamy, and was hailed with shouts of laughter. He was immured, as a punishment, for

some hours in a *cachot*, and emerged with an air of deep humiliation.

Nor was even play — play of a ghastly sort — the sport natural to the Terror — wholly wanting. Parodies of the dread Tribunal — nay, even of death by the guillotine — were performed with grim mirth and gay talent. A plank taken from a bed served to represent the fatal *bascule* of the scaffold, a chair acted as the guillotine, and all the details of an execution were accurately reproduced. Fouquier-Tinville and Sanson were well imitated; and doomed men and women, in the very jaws of the dreadful death which they brightly mocked, surrounded at the moment by jailers, spies, turnkeys, *huissiers*, played a hideous game with the dark fate which impended over them. The light French courage was rendered morbid by the horrors of Revolutionary murders. These terrible sports took place in the comparative silence of midnight in the prison. The discipline of the brutal, drunken jailers must have been as lax as it was harsh. "Notre rire avait l'air d'un vertige;" and this fact may partly excuse the levity with which many prisoners treated mockingly "de la divinité de Marat, du sacerdoce de Robespierre, de la magistrature de Fouquier." The two *concierges*, during the most terrible time in the prison, were Le sieur Richard (whose wife was killed by a desperate prisoner) and Le sieur Bault. The latter reigned during a temporary suspension of Richard; and both men deserved the confidence of their employers. What sights they must have seen! what agonies did they witness! The *côté des Douze* and *la Souricière* can now be only feebly recognized; but enough remains to show where they were. "Les Nuits à la Conciergerie," is a sad, significant volume containing the verses which, sometimes gay, sometimes despairing, often witty, and always courageous, were wrung from the hearts of French victims of Jacobinism and Robespierreism. No one can read them now without wonder and emotion.

One of the memorable sites of the

Conciergerie — an apartment which, if furniture and fittings be excepted, remains to-day in the same condition as it was when it was used for the last night of the Girondins — is the chapel. It is a large vaulted room, with square columns and iron gratings above the columns at one end, gratings which veil windows and suggest dungeons. The place bears few marks of the ecclesiastical character, and, if a chapel at all, could only be the chapel of a prison. Some of the party, notably Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, were despairing fugitives, hunted by Jacobin ferocity, and the virtuous Roland died by his own hand; but twenty-two adherents of the Gironde were condemned for having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, under an *acte d'accusation*, drawn by Fouquier-Tinville according to the directions of Robespierre and of St. Just, and reproducing the pamphlets which Camille Desmoulins wrote to calumniate the Gironde. Against their better natures and convictions, the Girondins, actuated by a desire for power and popularity, and perhaps with a view to their own safety, had voted for the death of the king; but this unworthy concession did not save them from the king's fate. As a matter of course they were condemned by ruthless rivals for the favor of *la Montagne*. Valazé committed suicide with a poniard; and his corpse, covered by a mantle, lay in an angle of the chapel in which his friends ate their last supper, and was guillotined with the living — an instance of a sentence carried out after death. The deputy Bailleul provided for his friends a sumptuous supper. The Girondins kissed the cold hand of Valazé, and covered the rigid face with a cloak before they sat down. Near to the chapel was the cell of the queen, and Marie Antoinette may have heard the loud voices and the singing of the excited guests at that grim revel of approaching death.

Their talk and bearing were a little theatrical, frivolous, and insincere, and fell below the dignity of the dark, solemn hour. Brave they were; but

yet the last enemy had its doubts and even terrors for some: "Que ferons-nous demain à pareille heure?" asked Ducos, with an awful curiosity which resembled the question of Richard III. "La meilleure démonstration de l'immortalité, n'est-ce pas nous?" asked agnostic Vergniaud. Choice dishes, fine wines, rare flowers, and flaring flambeaux decked the table of the condemned guests. The Abbé Lambert was present, witnessed the scene, and saw the bearing of the men. He recorded the details of that strange festival, his record being, says Lamartine, "faithful as conscience, and exact as the memory of a last friend." Many of the doomed victims were pagans, and scepticism colored their latest thoughts. Most refused the consolations of religion; but a few received absolution from Lambert; while the non-juring Abbé Emery ministered to Fauchet. And the room in which all this took place still stands. At ten o'clock the headsmen came, to perform the toilette of the condemned. Five carts were waiting. The Girondins burst into the Marseillaise, and thought chiefly of the example of the death of Republicans. Arrived at the scaffold, they all embraced, and resumed their funeral song. Each time that the dripping knife fell, the chant was weakened by the loss of one voice forever hushed; and Vergniaud, who stood by to witness all these horrors, raised his weak song alone until he, the last executed, had joined his comrades. It seems almost an irony of fate that the grave of the Girondins, the founders of the Republic, should have been dug by the side of that of Louis XVI. The total expenses of their interment were two hundred and ten francs. Immersed in a revolutionary current too strong for them, they became victims of worse men; and Danton and Robespierre were, for the time, strengthened in power by their fall.

A staircase, now called *l'escalier de la Reine*, leads from the prison to the chamber in which the Revolutionary Tribunal sat and doomed. When the condemned descended from their so-

called "trials" to their comrades in misfortune, a significant gesture—the hand drawn across the throat—intimated to the crowd of those who waited for the same fate, that the victim was sentenced. *Fournées*, during the Terror, consisted of thirty, forty, fifty, sixty heads a day; the last batch comprised seventy-eight victims. "Tiens, voilà ton extrait mortuaire," said the turnkey to the prisoner who received a summons to appear before the tribunal that never spared. One act of accusation served for fifty or sixty prisoners; and persons of different sexes, who held very differing opinions—but who were all innocent—were included in the same very general indictment. The deed was often illegible, and was shown—if shown at all—to the accused at the last moment. If he wished to maintain or to prove his innocence (many prisoners thought in their simplicity that it would be sufficient to disprove the charge made against them), he was told, "Tu n'as pas la parole." The most usual charge was, that the accused had conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; the Tribunal judged in mass, sentenced in mass, murdered in mass. An act of accusation was drawn up in general terms, and any number of names filled in afterwards. The lists were submitted by Fouquier-Tinville to Robespierre, who, in his day of dictatorship, made a pencil mark against the names of those that he wished to destroy. Fouquier lived in the Palais, and rarely left his dwelling-place except to attend the Committee of Public Safety with lists of proscriptions, or to act as procureur before the Tribunal.

The horrors of the prison tended to lessen the dread of death. "Dans les révolutions," said Danton, "l'autorité reste aux plus scélérats;" and Robespierre, who endured no rival, had to destroy his former master and great competitor, Danton. To Robespierre himself no one could succeed. The last great act of Danton in the Conciergerie (always excepting his own death) occurred on the 2nd of September, 1792.

The massacres in the prisons were carried out in the crowded Conciergerie, and in the *Salle des Girondins* is shown a small door, walled up, but still very evident, through which the victims were driven into the court where the paid butchers awaited them. Five prisoners, in their despairing horror, hanged themselves in their cells when the massacre was imminent. It is horrible to fancy the scene when the poor prisoners were thrust into the shambles; blood everywhere — on the arms and weapons of the assassins; on the hacked and mutilated corpses; on the red, slippery, wet floor. Cortet, one of the assassins, himself killed thirty-three of the victims. What expressions on the hideous faces of inhuman beasts excited by the rapture of such carnage! What cries, sobs, struggles, on the part of the helpless victims! What fiendish cruelties were practised upon the unfortunate woman, Madeleine-Josèphe Grederet, "femme Baptiste, âgée de trente-deux ans, et bouquetière au Palais Royal"! But her offence was not political. The number massacred is given by Taine as three hundred and twenty-eight, but they tell an uncertain story in the Conciergerie. No full records were kept of the later butcheries, and it is more than probable that many more than the supposed number perished.

The chapel (*Salle des Girondins*) has a sacristy, and this is a small, hard, bare cell, which stands next to that of the queen. This cell is noteworthy, because within its walls were passed the last hours of the monster Robespierre. The world has seen many very wicked men, but never perhaps one so contemptible as the dictator of the Terror. If he had lived a little longer, Couthon and St. Just, who happily died with him, would have been sacrificed as Danton was. The probable object of Robespierre was to continue and even to augment the Terror until he should have exterminated all his enemies; but this was necessarily a long process, which was cut short by the revolt of outraged humanity. As the sail drops when the mast snaps, so the Terror

ceased with the death of Robespierre. It is a strange irony of fate that such a wretched creature should have held for so long a time the absolute power of life and death over so many of his fellow-creatures! Few persons can restrain a feeling of exultation as they stand in the dreary cell in which the inhuman wretch was left to face the prospect of the same death which he had inflicted on so many victims. During his last hours Robespierre may have remembered that he himself had avowed some sort of belief in some kind of Supreme Being, though that thought could hardly give him much comfort. Round the jaw, shattered by his own misdirected bullet, was tied a bloody rag, to be snatched away by Sanson in order that the knife might not be obstructed. Robespierre's last utterance was not speech, but a scream.

On the morning after the 9th Thermidor, as Beaulieu tells us, "On n'osait pas encore dire hautement tout ce qu'on pensait: mais on se serrait la main, et l'on disait à voix basse, 'il est mort.'" After his fall, the jailers in the different prisons assumed a shambling semblance of humanity; and massacre was stopped. Chancellor Pasquier, arrested suddenly in the street, could not be tried on the day next after his arrest, and was therefore spared, because the next day after that was the day on which Robespierre fell, — a singular instance of revolutionary good fortune. How many widows and orphans had Robespierre made! "*Scélérat*, go down to hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!" That was, no doubt, the cry of a mother and a wife. Another woman springs on the tumbril: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart!" And these women, if furious, were not "furies" of the Revolution. The *tricoteuses* are silent to-day; the Jacobin mob is cowed, but the people is glad. Gendarmes point out the bound dictator with the points of their swords. Public curiosity is blended with horror and loathing. A tent was large enough to hold the ghosts of those that Richard had slain; but not the little cell — nay,

not the whole Conciergerie itself — was vast enough to afford space for the ghosts of the multitudinous victims of Robespierre. What may have been the fears, the thoughts, the torments of the wretch in those last hours? When the tumbril arrived at Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honoré, it was stopped while deliriously excited women danced a mad *ronde* of joy around it; and a child sprinkled the stones of Duplay's house with blood. The Jacobins were swept aside by a torrent of human joy. Fouquier discharged his office against his old master and patron; and Sanson, sublimely indifferent to his patients, let fall the fatal knife upon the neck of the man who had given him so much employment.

According to Mercier (*Le Nouveau Paris*), Paris, during the gloomy Terror, had even ceased to dance, except occasionally round the scaffold. After the fall of Robespierre, there were "vingt-trois théâtres, dix-huit cent bals ouverts tous les jours." There were *bals à la victime*, *bals d'hiver*; and so great was the popular delight at returning to the dance, that "on danse aux Carmes; on danse au Noviciat des Jésuites; on danse au Couvent des Carmélites; on danse au Séminaire Saint-Sulpice. On danse encore dans chaque guingette des Boulevards, aux Champs-Élysées, le long des ports!" — a truly national way of expressing the return of joy for the removal of the bloody gloom of the Terror. The furies gave place to the *merveilleuses*, and dandies replaced *sans-culottes*. *Vive la joie!* Robespierre is dead.

Close to the little cell of Robespierre is another and a larger cell, which is both a dungeon and a shrine. This is *le cachot de Marie Antoinette*, the cell in which the unhappy queen passed the latest and the longest time of her stay in the Conciergerie. When she arrived, General Custine, the soldier-martyr of the Revolution, was turned out of a cell to make room for *l'Autrichienne*; and the position of this cell, near the wicket at which prisoners saw their friends, was very disagreeable,

since it was mostly surrounded by a noisy crowd, whose filthy language disturbed the ear by day and night. M. Eugène Pottet, assisted by M. Tixier, the director of the Maison de Justice, tried to identify this first cell, but found the task impossible. It seems clear that her first cell was one of the worst in the Conciergerie, and was in the worst part of the prison. Close outside it were clamor, blasphemy, disturbance, and the reek of the smoking of turnkeys. The removal of the poor queen to somewhat better quarters was probably due to the humanity of the *conciergerie*. After *l'affaire de l'écueil*, in which the Chevalier de Rougeville tried to effect the escape of the queen, and would have succeeded but for an accident which led to discovery, Richard was temporarily deposed, and Bault reigned in his stead as *conciergerie*.

And this is actually the cell of Marie Antoinette! When the brilliant girl of fifteen was married to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., her mother, Maria Theresa, thought the future of her daughter "le plus brillant qu'on puisse imaginer;" but Maria Theresa never saw, or foresaw, the dismal cell that we have visited. When Madame Roland, who bitterly hated Marie Antoinette, heard of the shameful indignities offered to the queen at the Tuileries by the mob, the Egeria of the Girondins said, "Que j'aurais voulu voir sa longue humiliation!" She could not look into this cell in order to triumph over the fallen queen, because Egeria had also to tread the red path of the guillotine; but, if she could have done so, she would have seen no humiliation, but an imperial woman, showing a courage as high-hearted as, and even prouder than that of the wife of the virtuous Roland. The daughter of the Cæsars fell from a loftier height than did the daughter of Philipon, and had to endure a yet deeper misery. The contrast between throne and dungeon was greater than that between l'Hôtel du Ministère and a condemned cell; though to the bitter cup of Madame Roland may have been added the thought that she had fostered that

Revolution which devoured its own children, and committed so many crimes in the name of Liberty. Saint-Amand treats the queen and Madame Roland as "deux adversaires qui traitent de puissance à puissance." This is a little exaggerated, since Marie Antoinette had no dealings with the woman who demanded "deux têtes illustres;" but Saint-Amand speaks more truly of the "haine vouée par Madame Roland à Marie Antoinette;" a hatred which he attributes, not wholly wrongly, to envy.

Few can fail to feel that the cell is yet haunted by the tall figure of the queen, wearing her mourning dress of black *caraco*, and, under her white cap, bearing the proud, suffering face that Delaroche has painted. Dumb yet speaking, it bears witness to the unmanly indignities inflicted upon the solitary and most unhappy woman. At one end is a heavily barred window, placed high in the wall, which looks out—if it were possible to look through it—upon the courtyard. Marie Antoinette was placed in solitary confinement, and did not mix with the other prisoners, among whom she would have found many a friend, though some of the *sans-culottes détenus* addressed insults to her window. The wretched place—it was specially damp and cold—is full of memories of the disowned but yet most regal woman, who had to bear her woes alone, without the solace of human companionship or sympathy. On the right of the dismal dungeon, looking towards the window, stood the queen's bed, an ordinary small prison bed of *sangle*. An attendant slept in the cell; and behind a *paravent*, or folding screen, were placed two gendarmes. There is now no furniture in the room; but there is the crucifix which she used before leaving for the scaffold; and there is an altar, which was erected by Louis XVIII. to the memory of the murdered queen. In entering the cell it is necessary to stoop, and it is said that this door was made lower in order to compel her Majesty to bow her head before the Revolution. The chiefs of

the Jacobins were fully capable of such senseless brutality. The altar bears an inscription in Latin, which is thus rendered into French:—

Dans ce lieu, Marie-Antoinette Joséphe Jeanne d'Autriche, veuve de Louis XVI., après la mort de son époux et l'enlèvement de ses enfants, fut jetée en prison et y demeura 76 jours dans les anxiétés, dans le deuil et dans l'abandon. Mais appuyée sur son courage, elle se montra, dans les fers comme sur le trône, plus grande que la fortune. Condamnée à mort par des scélérats, au moment même du trépas, elle écrivit ici un éternel monument de pitié, de courage et de toutes les vertus, le 16 Octobre 1793.

Vous tous qui venez ici, adorez, admirez et priez.

The dungeon contains also, though they seem out of place there, two large modern paintings of no particular merit. The first represents *la communion de la Reine*, painted by Drolling in 1817; the other depicts the transfer of the queen from the Temple to the Conciergerie. The second is by Pajou, and was painted also in 1817. The latter comprises portraits, or fancy renderings, of Simon and his wife; the former includes likenesses of M. Magnin, Mademoiselle Fouché, and of two gendarmes. The cell is longer than its breadth. The window has, they say, been enlarged. "Que la nuit paraît longue à la douleur qui veille!" And what weary nights must Marie Antoinette have passed in this bare cell, with the prospect of a terrible death always before her imagination! She suffered specially from two dreads: one that she would be assassinated in the cell; the other that, if taken to execution, she would be torn to pieces by the mob. It needed almost superhuman courage to bear up against such ghastly apprehensions. Then, too, she was distracted by the thoughts of her children, and she knew into what hands the young dauphin had fallen. She spent seventy-six days in the Conciergerie, coming there from the Temple on the night of the 2nd of August, 1793, and leaving it for her execution on the 16th of October, 1793.

She was in no way dangerous to the Revolution; and even the leaders of the Jacobins hesitated for some time to take her life. The king was dead; the dauphin was being debased and slowly killed; they had nearly all they could want, and they had destroyed the direct line of monarchs. The king's brothers were out of reach, and widowed Marie Antoinette might safely have been allowed to retreat to Austria; but Robespierre could refuse nothing that might please the Jacobins. The people did not desire her death, but as Riouffe said, "*La France était donc sourde et muette; muette sur les actes d'un gouvernement dont elle ne connaissait bien que l'ombrageuse et terrible puissance . . . l'humanité a été plus dégradée en France pendant un an (l'an 11 de la République) qu'elle ne l'est en Turquie depuis cent ans.*"

The incarceration of the queen was attended by all the cruelty which belonged to this godless and inhuman time. She suffered severely from cold, and had to use her meagre pillow to warm her feet. Madame Bault, touched by the courteous dignity and sad sufferings of the captive, applied to Fouquier-Tinville for more coverings for the queen's bed, or rather for the bed of the *Veuve Capet*, but the heartless wretch replied, "How dare you ask for such a thing? You yourself deserve to be sent to the guillotine for doing so." The clothes of the unfortunate lady, whose life had been accustomed to splendor, were miserable, worn, and insufficient. No looking-glass was allowed; but in her pity for the queen, Rosalie Lamorlière—the hearts of all the women in attendance upon the prisoner were more or less softened towards her—procured a little common mirror, bought on the Quay for twenty-five *sols d'assignats*, and gave it to the queen of France, who used it up to and upon the day of her death. When Marie Antoinette reached her last prison, she looked thin, weak, worn; her hair had grown grey at the temples, and her sight was enfeebled. One eye was indeed of but little use to her. She suffered much

from hæmorrhoids, but there is no record of any attempt to procure for her medical assistance. Her jewels were taken from her, and even the watch which she had brought with her from Vienna. The loss of the watch, specially dear as it was through its associations with her youth, cost the poor queen many silent tears. But she suffered no word of complaint at this or any other insult to pass her lips. After she had been dethroned Marie Antoinette became most truly queenly. All the levities of her day of glory and temptation had been burnt and purged away, and sorrow and suffering rendered her in every respect more noble. She was thirty-eight when she was executed. It would seem that, from her entry into the prison till the day of her death, she was never allowed to leave her cell. It is a little difficult to imagine the sad-eyed queen moving among the spectral, shifting crowd in the yard; but she would at least have found there the consolation of woman's priceless tenderness. As it was, she was alone with sorrow.

The personal attendants upon the imprisoned queen were one Larivière, a woman of eighty ("*une espèce de poissarde dont elle se plaignait fort,*" says Gaulot), a young woman named Harel, and Rosalie Lamorlière, who became profoundly attached to her royal mistress. The Baults had, in order to please their employers, to hide any pity or sympathy beneath a show of external roughness and rudeness. There was no chimney in the queen's cold cell, which had to contain her, her female attendants, and, close by, two gendarmes. The Revolutionary soldiers "*ne sortaient jamais de la chambre, pas même lorsque la Reine avait des besoins ou des soins naturels à se donner.*" The screen was perforated with holes to facilitate observation. The bed of the queen was afterwards used by Egalité Orléans, who had voted for the death of his cousin the king, and, later, by the Chevalier de Bastion.

The queen appeared for the first time before the Revolutionary Tribunal on October 12, 1793, at 6 P.M. The room

in which the Tribunal sat is now the *première chambre civile*, and she ascended to it by a staircase which is now known as *l'escalier de la Reine*. The place was lit only by two candles. The queen's chief care was to compromise no one by her answers. Her clear, calm replies wanted nothing in dignity, courage, or self-possession. The second examination and trial took place on October 14. Hermann was the president; Fouquier-Tinville, the *accusateur public*; Fabricius, the *greffier*. The jury—it is well to hand the names down to infamy—was composed of Gannay, *perruquier*; Martin Nicolas, *imprimeur*; Châtelet, *peintre*; Grenier Crey, *tailleur*; Antonelle, *ex-député*; Souberbidle, *chirurgien*; Trincharl, *menuisier*; Jourdeuil, *ex-huissier*; Gemon, Davez, Suard. They were all paid hirelings, furious Jacobins, and mortally afraid of Fouquier-Tinville. The accusation was merely a violent statement of loose, floating prejudice; but Hermann called the queen “*cette moderne Médicis*.” She said, with lofty eloquence, “*J’étais reine, et vous m’avez détrônée. J’étais épouse, et vous avez fait périr mon mari. J’étais mère, et vous m’avez arraché mes enfants. Il ne me reste que mon sang; abreuvez-vous en; mais ne me faites pas souffrir plus long-temps.*” In spite of the nervous strain of such a trial, the queen maintained her quiet, dignified attitude. She made no appeal to justice or to mercy; she evinced no weakness; she showed almost no visible emotion, except when she repelled with noble indignation the foul aspersions thrown upon her as a mother. As a matter of course, the jury found her guilty on all counts, and she received sentence of death. It is not hard to imagine that impressive trial scene. We know the room, and can easily restore the fatal chamber to its state in October, 1793. Members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, five judges, officials in heavily plumed hats and tricolor sashes, Fouquier-Tinville, Hermann, the squalid jury, the gendarmes, the prisoner, are all seen there, in the dim candle-light, in that long night

sitting; while, as a background, Jacobin spectators, men and women, crowd round, involuntarily half awed by the courage of the woman who met her doom so calmly.

Until the last days of his tyranny, Robespierre always affected an appearance of legality; and this even when the only law was his own will. For form's sake, the queen was allowed counsel. She had two, Chauveau-Lagarde and Trouçon-Ducoudray, and they, well knowing that the case was decided in advance, put forward such pleas as they dared to urge. On leaving the tribunal to return to her cell, Marie Antoinette was conducted by a lieutenant of gendarmes, De Busne, and she said, “*I can hardly see where I am going.*” In her cell she was allowed pen and paper, and wrote that long farewell letter to Madame Elisabeth which was given to Fouquier-Tinville, and by him to Couthou, amongst whose papers it was found. At five o'clock in the morning of October 16, 1793, the *rappel* was beaten in all the sections, and by seven o'clock the armed force designed to guard the road between the Palais and the scaffold was ready.

At eight o'clock, Rosalie assisting, the queen changed her linen for the last time. A soldier approached and looked on, “*Au nom de l'honnêteté, permettez que je change de linge sans témoins!*” cried the outraged lady. “*J'ai ordre de ne pas vous quitter de vue,*” replied the brutal officer of the Jacobins; and she had to manage as she could, crouching down upon her bed, and screened, so far as possible, by Rosalie. The honest girl tells us that the “*Comité avait ordonné qu'on lui refusât toute espèce de nourriture,*” on the morning of the execution; but it is pleasant to know that a cup of chocolate, “*et un petit pain mignonette,*” were supplied by the charity of Rosalie and of Mme. Bault. The Jacobins had no doubt issued their chivalrous order in the hope that the poor, fainting woman might show weakness in the death-cart or on the scaffold, and so disgrace *l'Autrichienne*;

but their base intent was frustrated. Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville were doubtless behind the cruel order.

At ten o'clock the turnkey, Larivière, was sent by the *concierger* into the cell, and to him we owe some knowledge of what passed there. She said to him sadly, "Larivière, vous savez qu'on va me faire mourir. Dites à votre respectable mère" (the fish-wife could not have been present) "que je la remercie de ses soins, et que je la charge de prier Dieu pour moi." Three judges, accompanied by the *greffier* Fabricius, entered the cell. The queen was kneeling in prayer against her little bed, but rose to receive the functionaries. They told her to attend, as her sentence was to be read to her. She replied, in a firm voice, "Such a reading is useless; I know the sentence only too well." They insisted and the clerk read the document. At that moment Henri Sanson appeared, a young man of gigantic stature. He said roughly to the poor woman, "Hold out your hands." Her Majesty retreated a step, and pleaded that the king had not been bound. "Fais ton devoir," cried the judges to Sanson. "O mon Dieu!" cried the wretched queen. She thought that she was then and there to be assassinated. Sanson roughly seized the shrinking hands, and tied them, with cruel force, too tight behind her back. She looked up to heaven, and tried to restrain her tears. Her hair, when cut off, Sanson thrust into his pocket, and it was burnt in the vestibule. So far the evidence of Larivière.

Marie Antoinette was dressed in a white *peignoir*, which usually served her for a morning-gown, and wore a *fichu de mousseline*, crossed over her breast. On her head was a little plain white linen cap. On that morning, when about to rejoin her husband, she would wear no mourning. A Constitutional priest, M. Girard, Curé de Saint-Landry, was appointed to attend her; but she refused his ministrations. All was ready, and she looked round her cell for the last time. As she passed along the corridors, on her way

to the cart, she saw several of the other prisoners in the Conciergerie, and took a farewell of them. The queen asked for a drink of water; and one prisoner, Madame Caron, brought her a cup of cold water. That cup is now preserved as a precious relic in the family of the Comte de Reiset. She drew near to the grim office, on her way to the portal at which a tumbril, drawn by a white horse, awaited her. "Voilà le moment de montrer du courage," said M. Girard. Her proud reply still echoes through the history of the Conciergerie: "Du courage! il y a si long-temps que j'en fais l'apprentissage! Croyez qu'il ne m'en manquera pas aujourd'hui?"

She was once more in the fresh, open air, and mounted the cart with difficulty, owing to her bound arms. She appeared calm, and indifferent to the cruel cries of the mob. Near Saint-Roch she was foully insulted; but at the angle of the Rue Royale, the Abbé Puget, attired as a layman, but recognizable by her, managed, to her infinite comfort, to convey to her absolution *in articulo mortis*. The scaffold was not erected exactly where that of Louis XVI. had stood. It was placed "du côté des Tuileries, à trente mètres environ du piédestal sur lequel on avait élevé une statue de la Liberté." By accident, she trod on Sanson's foot, and, in spite of the terrors of the moment, the instinct of a lady impelled her to apologize to the executioner. When mounting the steps of the scaffold, she lost a shoe, which was picked up and sold for a louis. So long as it was possible, her eyes were raised to heaven. The *bascule* dropped, the knife fell, and the executioner held up the head to show it to the mob.

Next comes another vision of a woman's figure, clad also in white, standing high on that gory scaffold, the very planks of which were saturated with blood. This one had, it is said, asked on her arrival at the scaffold, for pen and paper to write down her last impressions, the last thoughts of that dark hour. Goethe regretted that the opportunity was not afforded her, be-

cause, as he said, at the end of life thoughts come to the composed spirit which before were unthinkable. How calm must have been the courage which could make such a request at such an hour! The queen was a Christian; Madame Roland was a Pagan; but Pagan and Christian died with equal fortitude. She did not foresee the lengths to which that Revolution, which at its beginning she had furthered so ardently, would go; and she indignantly denounced the September massacres. "Vous connaissez mon enthousiasme pour la Révolution? eh bien, j'en ai honte, elle est devenue hideuse . . . *L'histoire peindra-t-elle jamais l'horreur de ces temps affreux, et les hommes abominables qui les remplissent de leur forfaits? . . . Mais à quoi peut-on comparer la domination de ces hypocrites qui, toujours revêtus du masque de la justice, toujours parlant le langage de la loi, ont créé un Tribunal pour servir à leur vengeance, et envoient à l'échafaud, avec des formes juridiquement insultantes, tous les hommes dont la vertu les offense, dont les talents leur font ombrage, ou dont les richesses excitent leur convoitise?*" She well understood the men who wanted to take her life; and when she stood at last close to the colossal clay statue of Liberty, wearing the red cap, she apostrophized it in immortal words.

Madame Roland suffered a long imprisonment before death released her from her sorrows. On the 31st of May, 1793, she was incarcerated in L'Abbaye; in which prison her cell was afterwards occupied, for a brief time, by Charlotte Corday. Released from L'Abbaye, she was immediately recaptured and immured in Ste-Pélagie; in which she completed those rapidly written but most valuable "*Mémoires*," to which we owe so much, and in which naïve vanity co-exists with brilliant talent. She entered Ste-Pélagie on the 24th of June. She was removed to the Conciergerie on October 31. While she was in Ste-Pélagie, her devoted friend, Henriette Canot, devised a plan of escape, but Madame Roland

refused to adopt it because of the danger to which her friend would be exposed, and from a fear of injuring the wife of the *concierge*, a woman who had shown her kindness. It is pleasant to think that Madame Roland tore up that proud letter, which indirectly appealed to the then omnipotent Robespierre, and which, torn to pieces, was yet pieced together again and still exists. In the Conciergerie she behaved with cheerful courage and devoted unselfishness. When she descended from her mock trial to the yard, she looked radiant and beautiful. She drew her finger across her throat; and the prisoners all understood. *La nommée Philippon, femme du nommé Roland*, was condemned for conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

She was executed November 8, 1793, just twenty-three days after that queen whose death she had ardently desired. She went to the scaffold in a cart with one Lamarche, an old man, who showed a great dread of death. Heedless of the insults of the mob, Madame Roland tried to lend her courage to her companion, and sought to soothe and cheer him. She herself was wholly undismayed. Sanson usually beheaded ladies first, but the heroine begged him to begin with her timid companion in misfortune, and she waited and looked on while poor Lamarche was executed. Her firmness and composure did not desert her in that terrible moment; and she died as bravely as did Marie Antoinette.

Another memorable woman stands upon the scaffold, not this time in white, but in the red smock of the murderess. It is Charlotte Corday, born D'Armans; and she has killed Marat. If ever murder were justifiable, it was this assassination. The sternest moralist cannot refrain from admiring this high-souled, undaunted girl; for the murder that she committed is elevated far above an ordinary crime. She was impelled neither by lust of gain, nor by jealousy, nor by ordinary hate; and she only slew a monster in order to save unhappy France from

wholesale slaughter. Shortly before his end, Marat had screeched a demand for twenty-five hundred victims at Lyons, for three thousand at Marseilles, for twenty-eight thousand at Paris, and for even three hundred thousand in Brittany and in Calvados. No wonder that Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Robespierre went to see this extraordinary and most resolute young woman, whose motive had drugged her conscience, and who neither denied her act nor sought to escape its consequences. She was beheaded at 7.30 in the July summer evening. Calm-eyed and composed she went to death, but she turned pale for a moment when first she caught sight of the guillotine. "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country." Never has murder found so noble an excuse; and she was only twenty-five. After the execution, the manhood of the Jacobin tyrants caused the headsman and his valets "*de rechercher sur les restes encore chauds de Charlotte les traces de vice, dont les calomniateurs voulaient la flétrir. On ne constata que la pureté de son corps dans cette profanation de la beauté et de la mort.*"

Charlotte Corday, like Madame Roland, was a Pagan. The victims in the Conciergerie had, generally speaking, but little Christianity or religion to console their last sad hours. The common temper of mind during the Revolution was Pagan or sceptical; and some victims may well have doubted whether Heaven still continued to look at the crimes and cruelties of the masters of life and death in unhappy France. There was philosophy; there was the light-hearted carelessness of the aristocrats; there were sublime courage and the dreary sentiment of desperation — "*puisque'il était aussi commun alors d'être décapité que de s'enrhumer;*" but, with some exceptions, there was little Christianity. Brutus and Cato seemed to have replaced the Christ.

Round the corner of the palace, in the *cour du Mai*, beside the great stair-

case which now leads upwards to the Courts of Justice, is the grated door through which prisoners emerged from the dreadful prison in order to mount the death-carts. There the military escort was drawn up in readiness; and there the "*furies*" of the Revolution, all warm admirers of Robespierre, were waiting to receive the victims with yells and howls of execration, and of insult. On the day of the execution of a large *fournée* there must have been great bustle and activity in the prison. The condemned sometimes slept in the *arrière greffe*; or, if they had not slept, they were pinioned there. Once more, and for the last time, the doomed men and women issued into the broad light of day, so strange after the gloomy obscurity of the pestilential jail, and felt once more the fresh, free air. Once more they saw streets and houses, and crowds of persons who, at least, were not immured for death by the guillotine. The drive through the mob lasted about an hour. The carts crossed the Pont au Change, and passed along the Quai into the Rue St. Honoré, at the end of which they turned to the left, by the Rue Royale, to the Place de la Révolution, on which generally stood the scaffold and the guillotine. As the tumbrils drew near their destination, the doomed men and women saw that sinister frame standing out ominously against the passive sky, and they were helped up the steps of the guillotine by Sanson and his busy assistants.

M. Audot, who in his youth lived through the Revolution, tells us that, while popular *fêtes* were very largely attended, the chief events of the Revolution, and these necessarily include trials and executions, attracted the Jacobins and the populace, but were neglected by the people—in the proper sense of the word. M. Audot's father, as a member of the *garde nationale*, was a witness of the execution of Louis XVI., and records that the people did not seem to be moved. The crowd was so small that women and children found plenty of comfortable room to see the show. "*En général, les grands événements de la Révolution attiraient*

peu de monde." M. Audot was on the pavement of the Pont au Change, when Madame Elisabeth passed in the tumbril, but, "il n'y avait presque personne." At the Abbaye, on September 2, "Pas de foule. Les ruisseaux roulaient une eau rouge. Peu de foule à ces grands spectacles; peu d'empressement et d'émotion." M. Audot was present at the decapitation of Robespierre, but "il n'y avait pas foule au 10 Thermidor." The Jacobins were a minority, and the true French people were not willing witnesses of their crimes.

When Madame Elisabeth, termed by the Revolution "la nommée Elisabeth Marie Capet, sœur de Louis Capet, dernier tyran," was brought to trial, so called, the jury, when they heard the name, without waiting for further information, cried out, "C'en est assez. La mort, la mort!" and she was, of course, condemned to death. Four-and-twenty companions in misfortune were sentenced at the same time, and went to the guillotine, May 25, 1794. She was executed last, and had to look on while the four-and-twenty passed under the heavy, sharp blade. Her *fichu* fell off and lay at the feet of the headsman. She cried, in a voice of supplication, "Au nom de la pudeur, couvrez-moi le sein!" and these were her last words. She died with resigned courage, and her quiet bravery contrasts strongly with the gross cowardice of Madame du Barry. Madame Elisabeth was in no way dangerous to the Republic or to the Revolution, and was, indeed, a most innocent victim. She was gentle, tender, pious, modest, benevolent; and her death is one of the greatest crimes of the Jacobins.

Barthélemy Maurice gives the number of persons sent from the Conciergerie to the guillotine as 2,742. Of these 2,742, 344 were women, 41 were infants, 102 were over seventy years of age, while one man, D. T. G. Dervilly, *épiciier, rue Mouffetard*, was ninety-three years of age. Taine suggests that the numbers given are understated, and it is more than probable that such records, at least during the Terror, were

badly kept, and are unreliable. For anything like a correct record of the total number of victims of the Jacobins we must consult Taine. The error surely consists in under-estimating greatly the number of persons destroyed; and the traditions of the Conciergerie as to the numbers butchered in the September massacres are doubtless untrustworthy. Of those butchered, no full record was kept. Considering the Conciergerie as a storehouse for the guillotine, and remembering how short a time the mass of the prisoners passed within its walls, it may be asked, How shall we find adequate recorders of the facts of the life in the prison? We owe our knowledge of its prison life mainly to three authorities—the Baron Riouffe, the Comte Beugnot, and M. Beaulieu. Riouffe, when he was first arrested, was merely a poor player, cohabiting with the *citoyenne* Toussaint. He was a zealous friend of the Revolution, but became *suspect*, and was hurried up to Paris and thrown into the Conciergerie. Overlooked by one of those strange accidents which occurred occasionally in the wild turmoil of the Revolution, he remained fourteen months in the deadly prison, and escaped with life. He was made baron by Napoleon. When restored to liberty, Riouffe wrote "*Mémoires d'un Détenue pour servir à l'histoire de la Tyrannie de Robespierre*." An impressionable, excitable man, Riouffe was carried away by pity and by indignation, and wrote down his recollections and his thoughts without greatly caring for accuracy of detail; though the substance of his narrative is terribly true. He entered the Conciergerie two days before the condemnation of the Girondins, and has left a record of the impression made upon him by these doomed men. The blood of the Girondins had hardly dried when Madame Roland arrived in the prison; and Riouffe recounts, with genuine admiration, how bravely she received her sentence of condemnation, and with what calm heroism she went to death.

Riouffe says, that if he were to mention individually all the doomed whose courage equalled their virtues, he should have to fill volumes. Of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he says: "Je puis attester qu'il n'a jamais été qu'un Tribunal de sang, ne suivant d'autre loi que son caprice, ou la férocité des tyrans auxquels il n'a jamais cessé d'être vendu." It was a tribunal which "ne fut jamais composé que d'assassins." He records for us, among his experiences of the Conciergerie, that the indictments, more properly *listes de proscription*, were printed forms, which were used for any prisoner, or for many prisoners. Turnkeys and jailers, men who could hardly read or write, often filled up the indictments at their own pleasure. A young man of twenty-five, unmarried, was beheaded for having a son among the *émigrés*. An indictment was handed to a lady on which was written *ête à guillotiner sans remission*. If one man received an indictment intended for another person, the *huissier* simply substituted one name for another. *Joignons celle-là à son mari*; and the name of a wife was added to the indictment of a husband. The *ci-devant* Duchesse de Biron received a form of indictment drawn out for her man of business. The jury never leant to acquittal. There were sixty jurymen permanently appointed and regularly paid, and they had only to find guilty all that appeared before them. The names of the sixty are on record, and No. 45 was Duplay, the landlord of Robespierre.

The myrmidons of the Tribunal seemed to be animated by a blind hatred of the weaker sex. Malesherbes, more than eighty years of age, was executed with his whole family, — with his sister, his daughter, his son-in-law, and the daughter and son-in-law of his daughter. Fourteen young girls of Verdun went at the same time to the scaffold. Twenty poor peasant women of Poitou were sent to death together. When they started, an infant was snatched from the breast of one young mother. These things, and

others, Riouffe actually saw. Women who hesitated to commit suicide cried, *Vive le Roi!* in order that they might escape, even by death, from their agonies. Riouffe was charged with many messages to widows, and to orphans left desolate. Thus Madame Laviolette was condemned by a drunken jury as it issued from the *buvette*. Through the bars of a window she called to Riouffe, "Regardez-moi, je suis tranquille: assurez vos camarades que je meurs digne d'eux." "Vous expliquer," adds Riouffe, "comment j'ai pu vivre, c'est m'excuser d'avoir vécu. Mes oreilles ont entendu les cris des victimes, mes yeux ont vu ces sanglantes iniquités; j'ai été quatorze mois sous l'échafaud, et je ne suis pas mort de douleur!"

Jacques-Claude Beugnot, born July 25, 1762, entered the Conciergerie under somewhat unfavorable auspices. He was mistaken for a very unpopular character; and when his cab stopped at the *cour du Mai*, he was received with cries of joy, mingled with execrations, and was saluted with a shower of ordure which, coming from all sides, covered all his face. He was really glad to be within the shelter even of the prison. At the gate a tumbrel was waiting to carry some victims to the guillotine; and in the *greffe* Beugnot saw the prisoners waiting for Sanson, in their shirt-sleeves, with cut hair and open necks. They had slept in the *arrière greffe*.

This was a characteristic introduction to the gloomy, fatal prison. He was merely suspected of being an aristocrat; but he was furnished with a strong letter of recommendation to the clerk of the Conciergerie from Grand-pré, the friend of Madame Roland and a man of influence, because he was first clerk in Danton's ministry. The consequence of this letter was that Beugnot was not *écroué*, that is, his name was not entered on the register, and was therefore not seen by Fouquier-Tinville, who was in the habit of searching *les registres d'écrou*, in the hope of finding *la piste du gibier oublié*. One half of the *greffe* contained the

registry office ; while the other part, separated by wooden barriers, was destined for the last hours of the condemned. Beugnot had been arrested *par mesure de sûreté générale*. He was a stronger man than poor Riouffe ; had more character ; could see more clearly and think more deeply. His style is better than that of the impulsive comedian.

Beugnot, when he rose to honors and to high office under Napoleon, must often have looked, with strange thoughts in his mind, at the towers of the Conciergerie. He had a deeply laden memory ; and was a man who could feel profoundly and remember well. What awful and pathetic sights he had seen ! One fancies that his whole after-life must have been saddened. Speaking of the horrors and of the misery which he had witnessed in the Conciergerie, Beugnot says, "En présence de tant et de si profondes misères, j'ai rougi d'être né homme. Le désespoir avait traversé mon âme ; j'avais les yeux secs et le sang brûlant." The terrors of the prison life were such that the guillotine almost lost its terror ; and the management of the Conciergerie was *la scélératesse en action et le crime tout-puissant*.

But he too speaks of the gaiety of the meetings of men and women, only separated by iron railings, in the courtyard. He notices the *besoin de plaire* on the part of French women ; an impulse which could not wholly be repressed even by the constant presence of the shadow of the red guillotine. He heard the ripple of laughter and the whisper of tender sighs ; and he asserts that no promenade in Paris could surpass the yard for a collection of elegantly dressed ladies. He adds rightly, as we think, that French women were the only women who, under such dire circumstances, could preserve "le feu sacré du bon ton et du goût." Towards evening, when jailers were tired, "on a béni plus d'une fois l'imprévoyance de l'artiste qui a dessiné la grille." Many of the prisoners capable of such "abandon avaient leur arrêt de mort dans la poche." Never-

theless, "les propos délicats, les allusions fines, les reparties saillantes," passed through the deaf and blind railings.

Claude-François Beaulieu, *rédacteur*, was arrested by Marino as a *suspect*, and was immured in the Conciergerie the 29th of October, 1793. He ultimately escaped after 9 Thermidor. He passed four or five months in the Conciergerie, and was in the Luxembourg during the worst of the massacres. Whilst he was in the Conciergerie he saw the prison refilled three or four times. Few escaped death. M. Beaulieu introduces us to Barassin, who was among the turnkeys that which Ravage was among the dogs. "Je n'ai jamais vu de figure plus farouche que celle de Barassin ; je n'ai entendu de son de voix plus affreux." He was a highway robber, if not murderer, and, as he frankly admitted, deserved to have been broken on the wheel. He was in the Conciergerie under a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment ; but the *concierger* saw how singularly adapted Barassin was to all "liberal" employment, and he appointed him to the lowest and most loathsome work of the prison, and gave him charge of the latrines. "If we were both at liberty," said Barassin to Beaulieu, "and if I met you near a wood, I should certainly rob, and, if necessary, murder you ; but here I dare not rob you, and would even protect you from thieves. If I were to rob you, the *guichetier* would know who did it, and I should be put in irons and locked up in a dungeon." He discharged certain duties in the cell of Marie Antoinette, and told Beaulieu, "La Capet ! va, elle était bien pénaude ; elle raccommoait ses chausses, pour ne pas marcher sur la chrétienté." She was, he said, always under supervision by gendarmes : "elle n'en était séparée que par un paravent tout percé et à travers lequel ils pouvaient se voir à leur aise l'un et l'autre." She was treated, said Barassin, "comme les autres ; ça ne peut surprendre que les aristocrates."

Beaulieu tells us of the "innombrables victimes que j'ai vu condamner

à perdre la vie ;" but he also tells us of the "assez grande gaieté" which was to be found in the prison. "On buvait beaucoup plus de vin et de liqueurs que dans la course ordinaire de la vie . . . rien n'intimidait." General Biron (Duc de Lauzun), "le plus aimable et le plus courtois des seigneurs français," died with the most cheerful and chivalrous courage. He received sentence with indifference. When he reached the *guichet*, he asked for a fowl and a bottle of wine. He ate the one and drank the other. Next morning, after having passed a tranquil night, he sent for oysters, and was enjoying them when the headsman summoned Biron to the fatal cart. The duke, without any consolations of religion, died with singular intrepidity. Beaulieu also knew Gosnay, of whom it may be said :—

He died

As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Beaulieu adds, "Je ne finirais plus si je voulais citer tous les traits de courage, d'intrépidité extraordinaire dont les Français ont donné le spectacle pendant les massacres révolutionnaires ;" but Beaulieu knew also all the unspeakable miseries that occurred in the dismal prison : "Que de douleurs," he exclaims, "cette cruelle révolution a imprimées au fond des âmes sensibles !"

An inmate of the Conciergerie, a prisoner whose name has not been preserved, wrote a striking letter from the prison ; a letter which so graphically describes the mental attitude of the prisoners, that we reproduce a passage from it :—

Si je vois, avec quelque sang-froid, le moment où je perdrai la vie, je le dois surtout au spectacle qui se renouvelle à chaque instant dans cette maison ; elle est l'antichambre de la mort. Nous vivons avec elle. On soupe, on rit, avec des compagnons d'infortune ; l'arrêt fatal est dans leur poche. On les appelle le lendemain au Tribunal ; quelques heures après, nous apprenons leur condamnation ; ils nous font faire des compliments en nous assurant

de leur courage. Notre train de vie ne change pas pour cela ; c'est un mélange d'horreur sur ce que nous voyons et d'une gaieté, en quelque sorte, féroce, car nous plaisantons souvent sur les objets les plus effrayants, au point que nous démontrions l'autre jour, à un nouvel arrivé, de quelle manière cela se fait, par le moyen d'une chaise à qui nous faisons faire la bascule. Tiens, dans ce moment, en voici un qui chante :—

Quand ils m'auront guillotiné,
Je n'aurai plus besoin de nez.

On leaving the Conciergerie, the visitor crosses the Pont au Change, and turns to look back upon the sombre, sinister prison that he has just left. As he stands upon the Quai, the road to the right is that which the laden tumbrils passed on their way to the Place de la Révolution, or to the Barrière du Trône. Opposite, picturesque and massive, stand the towers and walls, the spires and gateway, of the ever-memorable prison towards which, during the Revolution, converged so many death-doomed victims. No building in Europe—if we except the dungeon-houses and torture-chambers of the Inquisition—has witnessed such unmerited cruelties. Through the dark shadows that hang about the walls of the Conciergerie shine visions of heroism, courage, endurance, and fortitude, that, in some respects, compensate the human mind for the brutalities of the Jacobin reign. What almost unbearable anguish, what heart-breaking partings, what tears, what anguish, and what misery, have been bravely undergone in this gloomy prison !

It may be that some Revolution in France was necessary, even inevitable. Carlyle saw its necessity ; but he confounded the French people with the Jacobin minority, and accepted, too complacently, all the hideous crime committed by a foul and godless faction of demons. For a truer philosophy, and a more accurate account of the portentous event, we must turn to Taine. One thing is, however, clear. The most impressive scenes and the most expressive emblems of the bloody drama which we call the French Revo-

lution, are to be sought and found within the haunted precincts of the Conciergerie. X

From *The Argosy*.

THE LITTLE OLD LADIES OF THE CREEK.

A SILHOUETTE.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

MOST of us can remember the memorable occasion when we followed Captain Brown through the tranquil little High Street, and went, with our best company manners on, to play a game of preference, and drink a friendly cup of tea with the ladies of Cranford. And most of us can recall the scarcely less memorable moment when he first saw Mrs. Over-the-way coming down the white steps and out at the green gate, with her prayer-book and her handkerchief and her flower clasped tightly in her delicate old hands, while the bells were saying "Chim, Chime," and the child Ida was watching her from the nursery window. To some of us, surely, there comes also a tender reminiscence of old Mrs. Blake with the sunny-haired little granddaughter at her side, lingering in the tiny suburban garden to enjoy a few minutes' furtive chat with excellent Miss Berry, as she hurried along the dusty roads of Oldbury.

Therefore it has fittingly come to pass that the writer who essays a faithful portraiture of women who have long since gone beyond what we may call the heroine-period of existence, is venturing on very perilous ground indeed, and can safely prepare for a considerable amount of sharp criticism. And rightly so; for where save among the master-painters shall we find colors delicate enough to depict that curious pathetic passage of growing old age, when the house has become strangely quiet because the children are married and gone away, or because the home is broken up, and the brothers and sisters scattered, never to be gathered together again. There are dream-children, like those that Charles Lamb knew of, that

haunt such lonely rooms as these; but they are always silent, though they have this advantage over their flesh and blood counterparts, that they, at least, never forget us nor grow old.

And yet the subjects of this brief memoir, in their simple, homely virtues, their old-fashioned piety, their selfless sacrifices, are not without a certain relationship to some of those who have become our dearest household friends. And if the story suffers, as suffer it must, in the telling, the fault must be ascribed to the unskilled hand of the biographer, and not to any flaw in the character of those whom the pen of a more ready writer might almost have rendered immortal.

At the time from which the links of the chain are taken up they were living in the little hamlet of Trentholme, and their names, according to the postman who took them their letters, and who counted as an authority on the subject, were the Misses Ravenshurst. To every one else, however, they were always known as Miss Hermione and Miss Priscilla, or else "the little old ladies."

The village of Trentholme is a quiet sea-board parish which once conceived the ambitious design of expanding itself into what is nowadays called a "health resort." But whether it was that it lacked the necessary courage and perseverance for such an undertaking, or whether it was the fault of the new railway which persistently passed by five miles on the other side, the results were the same in the end. The grand project was abandoned, and the tiny town rolled itself round, metaphorically speaking, and went comfortably to sleep again; probably much relieved in its own mind to be saved the trouble of any further exertion. If the railway were too proud to have anything to do with Trentholme, Trentholme, you may be sure, was not going to have anything to do with it. On the contrary, it set forward the fact that it was out of reach of the demon steam, and generally inaccessible, as one of its chief attractions. And assuredly in this restless nineteenth cen-

tury of ours, there was certainly more than a grain of truth in the boast.

Any great revolution — whether accomplished or only planned — is sure to leave some traces of itself behind, long after everything has sobered down again. So the high designs of the Trentholme people were constantly witnessed to by a certain row of ornate little villas, which grew up suddenly all in one night as it seemed, and could not be tumbled down as quickly again, although no one particularly wanted them. They stood facing the sea, and with a stretch of gravel in front raised some four feet from the shore, and about the width of a good-sized drive, and which was commonly called the Strand. Later on, no doubt, if the palmy days that were expected had come to pass, this would have changed into the Promenade, or the Esplanade, or the Marine Parade, or some other of the many "ades," without which no respectable health resort can hope to get on; but as things were, it remained simply and for all time, the Strand. The houses themselves with their pocket-handkerchief lawns, and bow windows, and pointed red-brick gables were a source of sore anxiety to the adventurous builder who had erected them. They had been meant for the *élite*, and were too small for ordinary family folk, they were far from the shops, and in winter exposed to every wind that blew. Therefore, any person benighted enough to wish to retire from "the madding crowd," and so lacking in the true spirit of enterprise as to consent to settle down on the Strand for the term of his natural life (or even less) was sure of being received by the builder with open arms.

It was a red-letter day in that good man's calendar when the two Miss Ravenshursts came over a-house-hunting. As soon as they saw it they decided to take the largest of the small villas; not because they needed the extra room it gave, for their establishment they said would only consist of themselves and a couple of maids, but because it faced west, and secured them a sunset all the year round. This, as

they told their astonished landlord, "was a very important consideration." Now Mr. Builder was not what one could call a student of nature. The sun might have set anywhere it happened to fancy, without his being disturbed thereby; and he would never have thought of demanding that it should go down exactly opposite to his parlor window. With the shrewdness of his class, however, he made a mental note of the advantage, and henceforth the corner villa would figure in all his catalogues as having "a fine westerly aspect!"

The house being thus turned discreetly away from the giddy excitements of the Strand, looked sheer out over the sea and across a small natural inlet or bay. It was the last house moreover, and the horns of the tiny curve at high water seemed to come protectingly near the narrow strip of flower-garden, though in reality there was a good stretch of shingle beyond. It gave a charming sense of seclusion, the ladies said, and they christened their little domain "The Creek" forthwith.

They were evidently ladies; one or both of them of a decided and energetic turn of mind; and before another month was out, they and their quaint, old-fashioned furniture, and their old servant, Keziah, and a rosy-cheeked little lass whom they had already bespoken in the village, were all established in the corner villa, and had taken solemn possession of the Creek, sunsets and all.

With them came also Simonides, the cat. The cats of fiction have of late become so clever and distinguished, and have lived for such a surprising number of years, that any ordinary member of the feline tribe must expect to be cast into the shade. Suffice it to say that to his owners he was a cat of cats, of a tawny orange or red-tabby kind, as faithful and almost as intelligent as a dog; and when it is added that his favorite post was the cushioned seat of the western window, it may be inferred that education or nature had gifted him with a true love of the beautiful.

Thus it was that the two Miss Ravenshursts came to Trentholme, and ere the first year of their stay was over, it was difficult for the inhabitants to believe that they had ever existed without them, so completely did they fit into the cosy niche which they had chosen. Where they had originally come from no one seemed to know exactly, except that it was from the other end of England, and in their speech there was still a trace of the northern burr which contrasted oddly with the slow, soft sing-song of the natives. That they were that genuine article "real ladies," still carefully distinguished by the poor from all spurious imitations, was a thing that speedily went without saying. That they were good churchwomen also was soon an established fact. Unless it was raining cats and dogs, every day at five o'clock they might be seen hurrying along the Strand towards the old grey tower of St. Clement's, at the very first stroke of the bell. And the rector could always confidently count on Miss Hermione and Miss Priscilla whoever else obstinately refused to "hear the church!"

They were not rich, but they had between them a comfortable competency, giving that ideal margin:—

Something to lend,
Something to spend,
Something to give away.

It was rather an extravagance, they sometimes thought, to keep two maids to supply their simple wants. But on the other hand Keziah, though considerably their junior, was not so young as she once was; and undeniably in these slipshod days, when a rule-of-three sum is supposed to teach you how to boil potatoes, it was a great advantage to any girl to get such a thorough training as she could gain under such a woman as Keziah. They confessed, too, to liking something young and bright about the house, and as Phœbe, the present importation, speedily became warmly attached to her kind mistresses and absolutely adored Simonides, she was felt on all accounts to be a decided acquisition.

Under this *régime* the little house was kept like a miniature palace for neatness, and with a certain cosy habitableness which is an essentially feminine virtue, and which men but rarely succeed in introducing into their surroundings. And if the owners had so far made concessions to the advancing tide of civilization as to do without wax flowers and berlin-wool cushions and fire-screens, and even to prefer commonplace gas to the more elegant lamp or candle, they made up for it by their really old spindle-legged furniture, and their odds and ends of valuable old china. They had their own little eccentricities also, which served them instead of making paper pathways down their drawing-room carpet, or dressing their cows (always supposing they had had any) in grey flannel like the immortal Miss Betty Barker. They each had their own particular fads and hobbies. Miss Hermione's hobbies were porcelain-painting and fancy-work, and very harmless pastimes they were. And if her flowers sometimes, to a coldly critical eye, rather transcended nature, no one could say a word against the delicate lace-work, the dainty cushions and cosies that made the fortunes of all the bazaars around. She was the elder and more feeble of the two, and the finely cut features, and still graceful though somewhat bent figure, the soft eyes, and small, aristocratic hands told that she had been a beauty in her day.

It would be difficult to say what Miss Priscilla's particular hobby was. She had so many, and seemed to pursue them all with equal enthusiasm. Whether it was gardening in the narrow border in front of the house, where the flowers seemed to grow just to oblige her as they would for no one else, or making clothes for the poor, or trotting in and out of the cottages on various kindly errands, or trimming a Sunday hat for Phœbe, or listening to Hubert, the rector's son, as he poured out his woes because of a certain hard-hearted damsel who shall be nameless—whether it was all or any one of these multifarious interests, Miss Pris-

cilla was capable of carrying them through with an energy and vigor which took the breath away from her more lymphatic contemporaries. Her keen, kindly old eyes had not yet lost their fire, her step was as light and springy as a girl's, and because she would never see sixty-five, or maybe a year more, again, was no reason to her mind for subsiding into an armchair and living an inactive life.

She was the working partner of the firm, and the other's more yielding nature rested on her strength as it had done through all the long years that they had passed together. It was at first supposed that they were sisters, but after a while it was discovered that they were only cousins. Hermione had been left an orphan when a very little child, so that her uncle's house was all that she could remember of home, that home which had long since faded into the mystery of the past, and of which there remained only herself and her cousin, slipping softly down the slope of years, until they too should join that great majority. A sensitive, clinging, yet deeply affectionate nature was Miss Hermione's. She had been, as has been said, a beauty in her youth, and she had had "her story." But the inevitable letter, or whatever else it was, had gone triumphantly wrong, and the hero with his accustomed haste and blunder-headedness had married the person not meant for him, and made shipwreck of his own and everyone's future immediately. Long ago now the chapter was closed; but the romance of it lingered with her still. The hero had passed away into that world where the riddles of this one are at last unravelled. Yet it was round his children that Miss Hermione's dreams and interests centred, and to whom, through a slender tie of kinship, she had always, in a natural sequence, been able to act as a kindly and beneficent fate. Thus there was no harsh tearing aside of the veil of quiet reserve which she had drawn between herself and a curious world, and which was just as precious to her now after over fifty years, as it had

been in the first anguish of her girlhood.

Miss Priscilla, on the other hand, had no romance to forget. It is without doubt one of the most unaccountable things in this very unaccountable world why so many women who seem born to be helpmates in the true sense of the word, are passed over for the silly, or the frivolous, or at best half-helpful people. And this, though the latter are a standing wonder to all sensible folk, as to what an averagely reasonable man could find in them to cause him to choose them out for any of the serious relations in life.

It would have been sheer waste of pity to bestow any of it on Miss Priscilla on that account. For she would have none of it. In a world teeming with beauty and interest, she held that no one with the ordinary complement of their wits about them had a right to be miserable or discontented, let alone dull. If she had come into it in the latter half of the century, instead of the former, she might have struck out a career for herself. As it was, her narrow, circumscribed life had been full at first of necessary duties that were laid upon her, and then of such as every leisurely and right-minded person must gradually accumulate round themselves. The confined area in which her part had to be played had not cramped either her intellect or her affections. Who need grow narrow with the whole wide world to live in and to love, to say nothing of that other world of books, by means of which a person can, if they will, travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, and knit warm stockings for sundry cold little feet at one and the same time! Men she considered as equal to women—possibly even superior—but very much in the way in a house, and not half so interesting to live with. And in her secret heart she thought that no matter how fine a fellow Jasper Goring had grown, it would have been just as well for Hermione that his father had never been born.

Still, ever practical Miss Priscilla had her dreams as well, and curiously,

of a less concrete and objective character. For while every penny Miss Hermione could spare was laid by for "Arthur's boys," the former's savings were all destined for one of the great Missionary Societies in which she took a vivid interest. To help—in however small a degree—to carry out that glorious latter, and so often evaded, commandment which is so "hard" a saying to our short-sighted vision, seemed to Miss Priscilla in itself enough to make life worth living.

They would neither of them leave a fortune behind them, for much of their capital had been sunk in a safe annuity, so that no rainy day should find them a burden on their friends. Then there were the sick and the poor, and the need of keeping a cheerful home for each other, and Simonides' milk (it is to be feared that it was often cream!) to be considered. Moreover there were certain charitable by-paths into which their feet had an unaccountable way of straying. And whenever there was a gap that a secret five-pound note could bridge over, or a young thing fretting their heart out for some quite unattainable good, it was absurd to suppose that the said note could stay peacefully in either of their pockets. It was good common sense too, for as Keziah remarked, "it's no use running after a man who has only slipped down in the mud in the road, and leaving some one else with a broken leg lying on the pavement!"

Keziah was much given to proverbial philosophy, and like some of her American likenesses, she despised ready-made proverbs as she did baker's bread, and preferred both of home manufacture. The only difference being that while her bread was invariably very good, her proverbs were generally extremely bad. But apart from these side-walks of philanthropy, whatever either of the ladies could spare, by small self-denials and righteous economies, was set aside for the furtherance of each of their great objects.

It was about the disposition of these savings that the only thing that could be called a difference between the two

arose. Indeed, they felt so strongly about it, that after the domestic peace had been disturbed for a whole long hour, they wisely resolved to feel in silence. For while Miss Priscilla contented herself with the security of government investments, and the small percentage that accrued from them, Miss Hermione suddenly one day flew in the face of all her friends and advisers and transferred her surplus funds to a delightful company which generously promised her at least five and a half per cent. Had it been for herself she would have cared but little, but for her boys she was in haste to grow rich. And you "might talk till you were black in the face" if you chose to persist in the advent of such a highly unbecoming catastrophe, but you could not have persuaded Miss Hermione that she had acted otherwise than with the wisdom of Solomon!

All went merrily enough for a few years, and then in a roundabout way Miss Hermione made a discovery. Somehow or other it came to her ears that Jasper Goring, her special favorite, had set his hopes on becoming a doctor until his father's death had overthrown all his prospects. He had bravely put aside his dreams and set his shoulder to the family wheel, and never spoke now of the plans which he had no means to carry out, but the wear and tear of disappointment and uncongenial work had told heavily upon him.

The two good Samaritans laid their heads together, and then Miss Hermione determined to sell out her shares in the benevolent company, and to place the money at the young man's disposal at once. Why should he wait till she was dead, and his best strength and energy exhausted, for the chance that would be the making of him?

"I should feel as if every day that I lived I was doing him an injury," she said, looking so frail and old as she spoke, that Miss Priscilla was filled with a sudden panic.

So the lawyers were written to and instructed to proceed accordingly, and Miss Hermione wrote, and posted with her own trembling hands, a most char-

acteristic letter to young Goring, in which she besought him as a special favor, not to refuse the gift that her whole heart was set on bestowing. It was rather a Quixotic scheme altogether, but there is some heavenly arithmetic in this world after all.

She was very tired after the important missive was despatched, and went to bed early that evening. She had been ailing slightly all the winter, and the doctor had tried to warn Miss Priscilla that he feared her constitution was breaking up. So that it happened that the latter was sitting alone by the fire with Simonides upon her knee, thinking sadly enough of his words, when Phœbe came in with the evening post. There was nothing for Miss Hermione, but a long letter from their man of business directed to herself.

Of course you know what had happened! It was what always does happen to these unworldly companies, give them time enough. It had gone to smash at last, carrying with it all Miss Hermione's hopes and Jasper Goring's prospects; and nobody would be the better for it—except the promoters! Mr. Merrifield had feared to write direct to his client, knowing that she had been ill, and so sent the bad tidings to her cousin. She would not be the heaviest loser, he said, having fortunately her own income secured, while it would take the very bread out of the children's mouths in many a ruined family.

How long she sat there with that letter in her lap Miss Priscilla never knew. Like a lightning flash as she read the words there came before her mind the one remedy. Could any one find the heart to blame her that her whole soul seemed to cry out "not this way, not this!" Is it not rather by realizing how dear, how closely knitted into the very fibres of her most sacred religious feelings, were those old dreams of hers, that we can most nearly comprehend the magnitude of the sacrifice that would yet be so surely accomplished? It was not merely the overthrow of her hopes that so sorely troubled her. With it was mixed a

dread which might not have disturbed a less sensitive conscience. "Will a man rob God?" so the doubt tortured her, but she fought her way to the light at last. Was it minutes or hours, she wondered, before she got up and with strangely faltering step made her way to her writing-table, and took from a drawer her account-book. She had had more to lay by than her cousin, and in spite of her smaller dividends, she found she had just the same amount as that which the cruel company had swallowed in its ravenous maw. Just enough—and only fifty pounds beside. She knew very little of Jasper Goring; for all she could tell he might make ducks and drakes of the money. It was not of him she was thinking—but of Hermione, weak, suffering, and old, and with her heart's desire for a second time frustrated.

"If any provide not . . . for those of his own house," she said half aloud, with a sad little smile—well, it would be an odd way of "converting the heathen" to become an infidel oneself!

To some minds there is no going back—no parleying with doubt when once the truth is recognized. The money would be no free-will offering now, it would be corban, and bring no blessing with it. And after all there was still a little, and she might be able to save a little more; for surely he who had condescended to work a miracle with the two loaves and a few small fishes, would not refuse any gift, however unworthy, which was brought to him in clean hands. So Miss Priscilla locked up the drawer again, and put the tell-tale letter in the fire, and calling the maids to prayers, went to bed afterwards as if nothing had happened.

A day or two after, the lawyer himself ran down, to talk things over and see what could be done. Miss Hermione was less well than usual even, and she made no difficulties when Miss Priscilla insisted on seeing Mr. Merrifield alone. "He is coming about a little matter of mine," said this benevolent schemer, almost trembling at her excellent acting. But in truth it need

not be very good to deceive the unsuspicious Miss Hermione. She rarely read the newspapers and had boundless faith in her beloved company, so she only nodded and smiled, and fell to dreamily wondering for the thousandth time what Jasper would say to her letter. Having shut the doors of the tiny dining-room most securely, Miss Priscilla sat down to wait until Mr. Merrifield's wrath at those "rascally directors," should have to some extent exhausted itself. When he stopped, not for want of indignation, but for sheer want of breath, the old lady seized her opportunity, and very simply and quietly told him what was to be done. Then the storm raged anew with fresh violence. "Take her money to carry out Miss Hermione's scheme? Never! Much as he cared for both his old friends and clients, nothing should induce him to consent to such a monstrous piece of injustice!" But Miss Priscilla could be obstinate too, and gained the day by merely and persistently holding her tongue.

At last the good man's flow of eloquence was silenced and borne down by that mute, steady persistence, and finally, and very sulkily, he consented to let Miss Priscilla do what she liked with her own. "But you'll let me talk it over with Miss Hermione first?" he said, as he gathered his papers together.

It was Miss Priscilla's turn to get angry now, and her blue eyes flashed quite ominously. "If you ever dare to breath a word to her I could never forgive you!" she exclaimed almost passionately. "This is strictly private between ourselves. How little you know of her, of either of them, if you think they would consent if they found out the truth. And the shock of it all would simply kill Hermione."

Mr. Merrifield was quite alarmed, both at her indignation and the tears of distress that he actually saw shining in her eyes, and hastily endeavored to smooth things down again. Her wrath was but evanescent, and she laughed at herself and him; but still she seemed very anxious to get him safely away,

and would only permit him the briefest peep at the invalid, smiling from her sofa.

"Dear, dear, dear!" ejaculated the good man, as he drove off to the station, after a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Miss Priscilla. And then he fell to wondering what sort of world this would be, if all the people in it were like the Misses Ravenshurst; one thing was clear, there would be but very few lawyers needed, and that was an embarrassing reflection.

Matters were not arranged without some difficulty. Jasper Goring, like the rest of the world, had heard of the failure of the Benevolent Company, and knew that Miss Hermione was a shareholder. Whether it was that he pressed Mr. Merrifield too hard, or that that gentleman, in an accidentally-done-on-purpose, happened to let the cat out of his professional bag, seems hard to say. Nevertheless when, on the following Sunday, a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow came swinging along the Strand, and almost blocked up the little drawing-room while he poured out his thanks to Miss Hermione, there was certainly a very odd expression in his face as he looked from her to Miss Priscilla. To the invalid it was a delightful Sunday. She was charmed to show off Arthur's son to her cousin, and his grateful words could not but rejoice her heart. He persisted in regarding the gift as a loan, until he saw how keenly this distressed her, and then he generously held his peace, though he was none the less resolved in his own mind.

"Why will you refuse me a pleasure which you would never think of disputing if I were dead?" she said plaintively; and after that he said no more. To her he talked of all his plans, of the success that he should one day hope to win, of the good that he trusted he might be allowed to do. To Miss Priscilla he spoke but little, only regarding her with that wistful, anxious look, which served to keep her on tenter-hooks. Just before he left, he found himself alone with Miss Priscilla in the dainty, fire-lit room. He

was standing on the hearthrug, towering above her. Suddenly he laid two strong brown hands very gently upon her shoulders, and looked steadily into her face with his honest, troubled, grey eyes. Then he stooped quickly, and taking one of the thin, withered old hands in his, he raised it reverently to his lips, and then gently releasing it, he turned and went silently away.

"As if I had been a queen!" thought the bewildered old lady. "What—what *can* that wicked man have let him find out?"

"What are angels like, brother Jasper?" asked his little sister, as she sat nestling on his knee the following evening. "What are they like? Have you ever seen one?" She was puzzling her small brains about yesterday's sermon.

"Yes, I have seen one," said the young man, rousing himself from his reverie; "two, in fact. Both had grey hair, and one of them had lavender cap-strings. But no one knew that they were angels—people are such fools!"

They were quite alone, and little Sybil had no means of contravening this remarkable statement, though it wrought inextricable confusion in her impressions as to the heavenly hosts.¹

After that Sunday Miss Priscilla had but little time to think of Jasper Goring. Miss Hermione became seriously ill. All the winter she failed gradually, and when the first snowdrops were peeping out in the little garden she passed softly away in her sleep; so peacefully that those who watched her could not tell the exact moment when she

Changed this life for a better.

To the very last she talked joyfully and thankfully of the scheme which she had been permitted to carry out,

¹ Many years afterwards, when Dr. Goring was a rising and successful man, one of our great missionary societies received from him a cheque for the exact amount of the "gift of the angels;" but the name of the donor was not his own but that of Miss Priscilla Ravenshurst, for whom, the sender said, he had been permitted to act as steward.

and Jasper's letters telling of his life and work were her great delight.

"What a comfort it must be to you," she said to her cousin one day, "to think that the company haven't got that little bit of money still! You were always so distrustful, you know, about it! It's the only thing that ever made you unjust to any one; and you see it was all right."

She laughed feebly, as Miss Priscilla answered, "Yes, it is all right," and turned her head quickly aside that she might not see the fast-springing tears.

They laid her to rest in the quiet, wave-washed churchyard, and covered her grave with early flowers. There was scarcely a creature in Trentholme whose eyes were dry the day that Miss Hermione was buried. Underneath the turf where as soon as the spring came the cheery little daisies would be growing, they laid away also the larger half of Miss Priscilla's life. When she came back to the empty, solitary house and took the purring Simonides in her arms, her strength seemed to go from her. For the first time she broke down, and burst into the bitter tearless crying of pained old age. She was a little ill after that, and perhaps that served to soften the first hard, inevitable break. Jasper, who had come down for the funeral, stayed with her as long as he dared. Keziah and Phoebe nursed and cosseted her, while Simonides tried his infallible cure of rubbing his sleek head against her tired hands. Every one, from the rector down to old Hardy, the crippled boatman, came anxiously to the Creek, with books and fruit and flowers, and kindly messages, so that there was no lack of such help as sympathy can give; and Miss Priscilla received it all gratefully and humbly, wondering why people should be so kind.

And when the April sun began to twinkle through the showers, and to hang his rainbows of hope in the changing skies, she took heart of grace again, and went to and fro on her kindly errands much as before. It is one of the blessed necessities of gentle deeds that they must act and re-act on

giver and receiver alike, in unforeseen ways, for the circles of good are ever-widening. It is difficult to imagine what Miss Priscilla's life would have been now, without the new interests of Jasper's career and the tender solicitude that the young man always showed towards her. They kept their secret loyally, with a loving chivalry for the dead; but more and more did the lonely survivor learn to lean on that steadfast, manly strength that was ever at her service when she needed it. To the child Sybil, the cottage at the Creek became a veritable fairyland; a world full of lovely and exciting events which altogether transcended her small London experiences.

There is little more to tell of those peaceful days, those quiet, uneventful years that followed. But when Sybil was growing up into bright girlhood, and Jasper and his young wife were making their first home together, she whom they clung to with such grateful affection passed suddenly from them. Quite quietly, and without any previous sickness—as she sat in her easy-chair looking out at the sunset, the Angel of Life lifted the latch of the door of Miss Priscilla's house, and called the bright, brave spirit forth into the land beyond the sun. She lies at rest by Miss Hermione's side in the little sea-girt churchyard. You can see their names, if you will, on the marble cross above them; but their memorial is written in something more enduring than any perishing stone. Surely it is lives like these that in ever-abiding loveliness

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

From The National Review.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES IN A WAGON.¹

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH THE
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S
TERRITORY IN 1894.

BY MISS BALFOUR.

VI.

Victoria, July 30th, 1894.

THREE or four days ago Mrs. Grey and I went with Mr. Egghart and Cap-

tain Brabant to see two kraals (native villages) about three miles from here. They are built on two smooth, rounded granite kopjes, rising like huge blisters on the grassy plain. Their inhabitants all came out to meet us when they knew Captain Brabant (the native commissioner) was there, singing, dancing, and waving their knobkerries. The women joined with shrill, prolonged howls, at the same time holding their hands upright in front of their faces with the palms together, and moving one hand a little, back and forwards from the other, so as to produce a wobbling in the note. These women had their bodies tattooed in horizontal lines close together. We were taken through the kraal and over some granite boulders (where the stench was appalling), to the entrance of a cave in which eighty or more of the inhabitants took refuge when attacked there last year by the Matabili before the war. Fortunately the cave proved a sufficient protection. Just below the kraal on the flat, is a scrubby-looking little cotton-tree which, Captain Brabant told us, is held sacred by the people of the kraal, as in some way representing their ancestors; and in springtime when it is bursting into fresh life they make offerings to it of beer and meal. While we were there it did not seem that much attention was paid to it, and the cattle had gnawed it unrestrained. It is not an indigenous plant in this part of the country, and this one has been planted by the natives, who look upon its survival as a special mark of favor from their dead ancestors.

By this time a great crowd had collected, singing open-mouthed, and led by a man with a drum about four feet high, on the top of which was stretched a piece of skin about a foot in diameter. He hit this near the edge with the palm of his hand near the wrist, producing a comparatively deep note, and with his fingers in the middle to produce a higher note. He always thumped it in three time—low note once, high note twice—with unvarying regularity, and with absolute indifference as to whether the crowd around him were singing in

¹ LIVING AGE, No. 2853.

four time or three. The singing was much of the character we had heard before, only here the tenors and basses were more or less separated into groups, and at times the singing was in parts, like a catch, different people coming in at different times. Sometimes there would be solos, with the chorus singing a word or two at intervals, and a regular chorus at the end of each verse — if verse it could be called when the same words were repeated each time.

We have just come back from our long-wished-for expedition to the Great Zimbabwe ruins, where we stayed two days, and would have liked to stay twenty. They are about seventeen miles from here. Mr. Egghart's wagon went on the night before with our boys and all the provisions, and we started next morning, the men on horseback, and Mrs. Grey and I in the spider. A new iron bolt had been put in it in place of the one lost in the Selukwe Hills, and trusting in this we went gaily forward till we came to a boggy spruit, into which we boldly drove. But put not your trust in blacksmiths. As happened before the mules and front wheels went cheerfully on, leaving the body with Mrs Grey and myself in it, stuck in the bog. We got out as best we might, and proceeded to photograph the situation, and were thus found by the gentlemen, Mr. G. Grey muttering that he believed we thought of nothing but our photography. Examination of the broken ironwork made even him despair of mending it sufficiently well to enable us to take the spider on to Zimbabwe. So we made a kind of platform over the front wheels and pole, tied up all our goods in bundles and fastened them on this with reims. Two mules were to draw this novel carriage, and Mrs. Grey and I with heavy feet prepared to start on our six-mile tramp in the broiling sun. But relief was to come. At this juncture up rode Mr. Gale, the engineer at one of the neighboring gold mines, and Mr. G. Grey appealed to him whether he thought it possible to mend up the spider. He looked,

said yes, and with reims he did it. We mounted once more — but now with only two mules, as Stembok's habit of turning slap round would have been fatal, — and at somewhat greater speed than that of a funeral march, proceeded successfully to our destination. I may add that a new bolt was once more put into the spider, and that it bent hopelessly the first day it was used. After that we determined to stick to reims.

At Zimbabwe we found tent and wagon ready close to the temple. To the north of us was the high, steep kopje, on the top of which are the ruins of the ancient fortress. You climb up the kopje by a winding path, and it is not until you turn round the western shoulder of the hill that you see the native kraal, and to the right of that the gigantic smooth granite rocks, piled one above the other, which form the natural defences on the north side of the fortress. The chinks between these boulder-like rocks were once all carefully walled up; and having squeezed through one of them, we found ourselves in the fortress itself, in the midst of a perfect labyrinth of half-ruined walls, with narrow, winding passages, crumbling stairways, curved buttresses, and all sorts of devices for defence, the whole overgrown with tangled vegetation, and the rocks covered with lovely creepers and trees with long, hungry, snake-like roots lodged in the crevices. The outer wall of the fortress crowns the kopje on the south side, and is almost continuous with the cliff below it, so that from a distance it is not always easy to see where the one begins and the other ends. From here you see the country spread out before you, fantastic kopjes and exquisite blue hills in the distance, and at your feet, on the yellow, grassy plain, the Zimbabwe temple enclosure, filled, as the circle of a coronet is with velvet, with luxuriant vegetation. The masonry is all dry stone, and the stones, which are not much larger than bricks on their outer surface, are laid with marvellous regularity. They are usually slightly wedge-shaped, so as to

permit of being built into curves. At places there were signs of furnaces, apparently without chimneys, for the whole of the walls near them, both inside and out, had turned orange-red from the heat. Both Mr. G. Grey and Mr. Gale averred that the modern native could not produce heat enough in the space to have had such an effect on the surrounding stones.

That evening after dinner we sat over our camp-fire, and Captain Brabant told us some of his experiences among the natives. He says that they are much pleased at our conquest of the Matabili. When the telegraph wire was first put up they had an idea that no Matabili would be able to pass under it without being killed, and came to him with sorrowful complaints when they found this was not so. They believed a traction-engine to be a cannon which would with ease sweep the Matabili from the face of the earth. Lion stories succeeded, the best being one told by Mr. Gale, of one of the post-riders whose horse fell sick and died on the road, so he left it and walked on. After some time he became aware that he was being followed by a lion, which stopped when he stopped, and went on when he went on, always keeping about the same distance behind him. Evidently it meant to wait till night to spring upon him. He knew that a few miles ahead was a deep drift in a river, and on the opposite bank higher up was a farm. He went down the drift, put a large ant-heap between himself and the lion, hastily stuck his stick in the ground and hung his hat on it so that it should just show above the top of the ant-heap, and then (still keeping the mound between himself and the lion) rushed down into the water where the bank concealed him. Then he hurried up stream till he got to the farm. Next day the ground round the ant-heap was found torn up in all directions, and the hat had been reduced to a pulp. I don't think Mr. Gale vouched for the truth of this story. It does really seem to be true that lions were killed at Zimbabwe not long ago.

Certainly the long grass, often ten feet high, which abounds there, would make admirable cover for them.

Most of next day was spent in examining the temple. The workmanship of its walls is similar to that of the fortress, but if possible better, and with some ornamentation in parts.¹ It consists of a great irregular oval, with sometimes three concentric walls only a few feet apart and about thirty feet high. At the end opposite the entrance, and just within the outside wall, is the tall, solid, cone-shaped tower of perfect masonry; but you do not see it till you get close up, because of the trees and creepers that fill the enclosure. The creepers are like the lianas one reads of in accounts of Brazilian forests, long, rope-like stems climbing up to the tops of the trees and down again, and embracing everything. The whole place was wonderfully impressive. Within, the great tower, the work of an unknown race at an unknown time, the sunlight flecking the delicate pale grey of its stonework, the sacred enclosure now wholly appropriated by the luxuriant jungle of half-tropical vegetation of richest green, cool and shady. Without, the bare walls in the blazing sun, the orange-colored, grassy plain and groups of weird-looking, fleshy euphorbias and scarlet-flowered aloes. We wound up our inspection of the walls by mounting the outside one, and walking round on the top of it. It begins by being about thirteen feet wide, and gradually narrows to about four. Most of the party soon got down again, but some of us went on as far as was possible. While we were on the narrowest part of the wall, and I was beginning to feel the position none of the most comfortable, Mr. G. Grey meanly took the opportunity of photographing us. Do you not think it speaks well for my magnanimity that I have not retaliated?

On Sunday evening after our return here, we went to church, but the ser-

¹ The reader is referred to Mr. Theodore Bent's book on "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," for plans and description of the Zimbabwe buildings.

vice was somewhat marred by a small terrier, who sat in the gangway and gnawed the matting the whole time. The clergyman said to me afterwards that he had quite ceased to mind the presence of dogs and fowls, which it is almost impossible to keep out, and told how at Umtali a cat had once come in during service and taken a flying leap across the reading-desk into the arms of the preacher, where it lay purring during the rest of the sermon.

Several of our oxen had become very footsore on the way here and had to be shod before going further. The animal to be operated on is thrown down and its legs tied to the düsselboom, and the little flat iron shoes are nailed on after holes have been bored in the hoofs with a fine gimlet. I don't think it hurts them when carefully done, but they get up after it is over, looking wildly scared. They are too stupid to allow themselves to be shod as a horse does. Our horses often lose their shoes on the veldt, but neither they nor any one else seem to mind, and they just go on without till we reach the next place sufficiently civilized to produce a blacksmith.

VII.

Salisbury, August 12th, 1894.

THIS will be an extremely dull letter, for our eleven or twelve days' trek from Victoria to this place has been thoroughly uneventful, and without any novelty of conditions. For most of the way the track went over the "Charter flats,"—a long line of watershed forming a high, bare plateau about four thousand feet above the sea, the streams going into the Zambesi on one side, and into the Sabi on the other. At this time of year the grass everywhere is much burnt, and the result when seen close by is very ugly. It is still more ugly when the young green grass comes up through the ashes; and it then reminds me of nothing so much as those black and green table-cloths so characteristic of the English lodging-house. However, the country has redeeming features, especially if you get a mile or two away from the road on

either side. The scrubby patches of wood are chiefly composed of magoussytrees, which are now beginning to be covered with spring foliage of the loveliest shades of pink, crimson, and orange. They vary enormously in color, for no apparent reason. The old leaves (which in shape are rather like those of *Berberis mahonia*, but are less glossy, without prickles, and have no terminal leaflets) fall only a few days before the new ones come out. There are also numbers of wild orange-trees; but they are of a different species from the European one. The oranges are nearly all green just now, and as the trees are deciduous and are losing their leaves, the fruit is very conspicuous, and the general effect very beautiful. Mr. Fitzwilliam counted over three hundred and fifty oranges on one tree, but this is a very exceptional number.

When you leave the track (which keeps along the highest ground to avoid the boggy hollows on either side) you come to undulating country, with patches of wood alternating with wide, grassy glades, and dotted with granite kopjes. These are just heaps of huge boulder-shaped rocks piled one above the other in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. Sometimes they look as though artificially placed by some giant hand, but as each boulder is as big as a house, even the Titans would have found them difficult to manipulate. Often they appear so insecurely poised one upon the other that their remaining in position seems contrary to the laws of nature. The Mashuna kraals are usually built on these kopjes for the sake of defence; and the native grain-stores, which are like miniature huts, are perched on the most inaccessible parts of the rocks. The "Kaffir booms"¹ with their magnificent scarlet flowers look gorgeous when growing, as they habitually do, among the boulders.

One great advantage of being in the granite country is that the water is always soft, and our hands, which in the earlier part of our journey were

¹ *Erythrina Caffra*, a tree flowering when bare of leaves.

like nutmeg-graters, and our nails, which could never be kept from breaking and splitting, are now more like those of civilized beings. Moreover, the sand of the roads, though deep, is also heavy, and does not fly up and penetrate everything as the dust did during the first few weeks of our trekking. There is usually plenty of water to be had now, slightly milky-looking, but ideal compared to the filthy muddy mixture we endured in Bechuanaland. The air (as it has been throughout the journey) is very dry and deliciously bracing and invigorating, though the sun is too hot for my taste. We have had an occasional grey day, but no rain since we left Marizani, beyond once or twice a few spattering drops; and probably there will be none before we leave the country. Indeed, all I have to complain of is the monotony of the perpetual blue sky. I have, contrary to my ideas of a tropical climate, never seen the sky so rich and dark a blue as it often is at home. As to health, we are all robust, and I have never felt better in my life. The open-air life is most enjoyable, and there is almost too much to look at and think about, wherever one goes.

Our former record of speed was by no means kept up between Victoria and here, for the roads were mostly very deep sand, which is very hard on the oxen. The natural hay of the veldt is also beginning to lose its nourishing qualities, so that the poor animals get more work and less food than before. Gradually we had to take out one bullock after another from the spans, because they got exhausted and kept lying down every few minutes. Two had eventually to be shot, and now we are about to leave the men's wagon here and go on with only the other two, leaving eight oxen behind, and taking on the remainder. The span in the ladies' wagon is still all right, the weight to drag being so much less, and suitable for the small, hardy Mashuna oxen which now pull it. The six oxen which were too exhausted to remain in the spans were driven behind each day by our Mashuna boy Mumbu,

who is the butt of all the other "boys." He has gradually accumulated a large number of ragged old sacks, which are disposed about his person till his appearance has become quite Falstaffian, and thus attired, with his two hands spread out over his chest, he walks along, his face suffused with the most completely self-satisfied grin that I ever saw. Occasionally one of the oxen he was driving was put into the span for a short time in exchange for another, and then he complained bitterly that they had taken one of *his* oxen away, and given him instead a beast that could hardly walk.

We constantly hear now of there being lions about. An ox at a farm we passed was said to have been killed by one a week before, and at the Umfuli Drift, a little further on, two oxen had been taken by them from a wagon outspanned there. But we never see or hear them. We have got quite callous as regards such stories now. We walk at nights out of sight of the wagons. If we hear howls we say, "It's only a hyæna," and pass on. We have ceased to think of snake-bites when we walk through the grass. I have, however, at last seen snakes; I saw two in one day quite close to me, but they instantly made off at such a pace that I could not examine them. Every one tells you that puff-adders can only strike at you backwards, and as long as you are in front of them you are safe. This I can believe, but when they further state that in order to strike backwards they put their heads upside down so that the under-jaw is uppermost, I find it very hard to believe, — in fact, I haven't succeeded in believing it yet; but every one says so, and it is one of my stock questions to ask.

About twelve miles from here we came on the biggest ant-heaps we have yet seen. I should think they must be fully forty feet high, and really big trees grow on the top of them. That "ants" is entirely a wrong name to apply to the creatures that make the heaps I have little doubt. As a rule, no one in South Africa can tell you the name of any natural object, but

if they do give a name it is generally wrong.

There are real signs of spring now, all sorts of pretty shrubs and flowers are coming up on the dry, burnt veldt, and I am permanently lost in astonishment as to how they manage it, as there has been no rain for months. We are told that the flowers in spring, after the rains begin, are perfectly gorgeous.

VIII.

Umtali, August 28th, 1894.

WE left Salisbury on the 14th, after spending several very pleasant days there, every one as usual going out of their way to make us comfortable. One afternoon a large party of us rode to see some Bushman drawings some miles off. They are on the face of a granite boulder protected from the weather by overhanging rocks, and are done in two colors, brick-red and black.¹ Figures of human beings, animals, and some attempt at landscape background and palm-trees were scattered over the face of the boulder, the men being extraordinarily badly drawn in every way, whereas the drawing of many of the animals is very clever and full of character, especially the elephants and antelopes. Having said this you will be surprised to hear that one of the animals has formed a subject of controversy among us ever since, the Greys maintaining it to be an obvious buffalo, and I that it is equally clearly a warthog, and that what they say are horns on its forehead are really tusks curling from its snout. As the drawing is much rubbed, and as neither of us have seen either a buffalo or a warthog since we came to the country, the controversy is not likely to be settled one way or the other.

I have had some interesting conversations lately about the native races in the Chartered Company's territory, and I shall try to give you a sort of abstract of what I gathered from them.

¹ There is an engraving of this rock in one of Mr. Selous's books, but the drawings on it are not at all well reproduced.

The Matabili appear at present to be at a somewhat lower level of civilization than the Mashunas, although they have completely subjugated the latter by superior physical bravery. In both nations the basis of government was the patriarchal tribal one, but with most of the Mashunas this had been destroyed by the repeated raids and tyranny to which they had been subjected by the Matabili. It practically still exists in its integrity among the Matabili, who had a regular succession of chiefs from the heads of small single kraals to paramount chiefs who are rulers over many, and from them to the king himself. The king now being dead, they have simply transferred their allegiance to the administrator of the Chartered Company. It seems, therefore, likely that there will be little difficulty about governing them. The government they were accustomed to will be continued, but on juster and more humane lines, with a security to life and property which they never before enjoyed. On the other hand, government among the Mashunas having been completely disorganized, the chiefs having lost authority, and being rulers more in name than in fact, there is but little native organization to utilize, and hence some trouble has already arisen and more is likely to arise. The difficulty is added to by the faults of the whites. It is absolutely necessary to maintain the supremacy of the whites, yet the crime of the Mashuna may be a consequence of the lawlessness of the white man. Thus, not long ago a prospector² had been murdered by the Mashunas. He had tried to get some native carriers, and when difficulties were put in his way he resorted to force. The result was that he was killed, the headman of the kraal stabbing him with an assegai behind as he turned to speak. The surrender of the murderer was demanded, but of course no one knew who he was, and the villagers dispersed themselves for fear of capture. It seemed difficult to know what course

² Person seeking for gold.

now to pursue. It would clearly not do to let the matter drop. Murder of white men would then immediately become common. As there were no native authorities who had sufficient power to enforce a command, nothing could be done through chiefs, neither capture of the murderer nor collection of a fine in the district. It would be of no use to burn the kraal. The punishment would be too slight, as huts are so easily rebuilt elsewhere, and the only result would be to frighten the inhabitants, and especially the women and children, who would fly to some other district already sufficiently populated.

Such difficulties would be much less likely to arise were an efficient tribal government in existence. To remedy this defect it is believed that the best course to pursue is to place white men who know the language and customs of the people as native commissioners in the various districts, and as far as this has already been done it seems to be succeeding.

We have had an interesting journey from Salisbury here. Mr. A. Grey and Mr. Fitzwilliam remained behind some days, and then rode after us, catching us up the day before we got here, while Mr. G. Grey escorted Mrs. Grey and myself. As our oxen were weak, owing to the feeding being now so bad on the veldt, we only trekked at night. This had the advantage of giving one more time by day, but on the other hand one saw even less of the country than before. During the last week we passed through very pretty scenery. The magoussy-trees seem to get more and more brilliantly red. I am sure you will think the red in my sketches exaggerated, but the view of the members of our party is far otherwise.

One morning Mrs. Grey and I heard Lama yelping excitedly, and saw Jim, our "stud-groom," running up to her. He had scarcely reached her when he rushed back at the top of his speed, calling out that there was a great big snake in a hole. We instantly ran forward to see it, while Dennison, gun in

hand, also came up, followed by the reluctant Jim, who was ordered to show the place where the snake was lying. He paused at a safe distance, pointing at a small depression in the ground. Dennison poked in it with a stick, but saw nothing. We then questioned Jim about his snake: "Was it large?" "Oh, yes, it was very large; he saw it down to here,"—and he put his two hands round his neck. "How large was it?" "It was about as thick as his toe!" Jim was now pursued with jeers, during which Mrs. Grey happened to look up at a small tree beside the hole and saw a grey lizard strongly resembling a chameleon hastily ascending it. This was Jim's dangerous snake! He and Hendrick were called to look at it, but nothing would induce them to come within ten yards, and even then only with crouching bodies, frightened eyes, and deprecating hands. Dennison told Hendrick to break off a stick for him, which he did, and as he brought it Dennison made a grab at his wrists; but Hendrick was too suspicious to be caught, and made off at the top of his speed, followed by Jim. This lizard is, I believe, the kind about which there is a Kaffir legend, which Mr. G. Grey told me some days before. The legend is as follows: Many ages ago God sent the chameleon to man to tell him that there was a future life. The devil, overhearing this, sent a lizard, which being able to run much faster than the chameleon, arrived first, and told men that "they should eat and drink, for to-morrow they die." The lie, having the proverbial start, has been believed and acted on ever since. The species of lizard which so alarmed Jim has at first sight a strong superficial resemblance to the chameleon, and perhaps our boys do not distinguish between them. Certain it is that they are in mortal dread of the latter, and will not come near them. They were immensely puzzled to see us carrying one about on our fingers without injury, and took refuge in the theory that "he bites blacks." We asked Hendrick one day on which side

of the road he would go if he saw a lion on one side and a chameleon on the other, and he did then indicate that he thought a lion the most dangerous of the two, by saying "he would go by the littlest." One chameleon we caught had only one eye. I noticed that it changed color less rapidly on the blind side than on the other, but both sides became alike in time if in similar conditions.

On the 23rd we outspanned at the Rusapi or Lesapi River, near which there are some ruins that Mr. Selous told us of and thought we should like to see. Accordingly we started after breakfast, riding about four miles to Chipanga's kraal, he being the chief to whom we were to apply for a guide to take us to Chititeke and Chipadze's grave, at both of which places there were ruins. The natives are afraid to go to the latter, hence Mr. Selous told us we were to say we were his friends to induce Chipanga to help us. The kraal is most picturesquely situated on high, rocky ground above the river. We were taken to the further side of it, to where there was a rough semi-circular wall of rock and stones on the brow of the hill, and overlooking the numerous huts of the village. Here a number of natives were sitting, to whom Mr. Grey spoke, asking for the chief. Some went to fetch him, and presently from one of the huts emerged a tall, thin, bent old man, without a single hair on his scalp, but with a thin, grey moustache and beard in a circle round his mouth, and wearing for sole garment an old worn-out green great-coat, with brass buttons, reaching well below his knees. Several of the headmen walked with him and round him, clapping their hands gently together as they approached. He came up slowly and with as much dignity as his tottering steps would allow, and sat down on a stone seat within the semicircle. Mr. G. Grey told the old chief what we wanted, adding that I was Mr. Selous's friend. The name had a markedly good effect, and after some palaver among themselves, in which the words Chititeke, Chipadze, Zimbabwe, etc.,

came in, Chipanga told a boy, dressed, unlike the others, in European costume (and who, we afterwards found, had been Lady Henry Paulet's servant for a time), that he was to be our guide to the ruins. The boy evidently wished to avoid so unpleasant a task, and there was a good deal more talk among the natives, and then a long pause, during which no one uttered a word, and we remained spectators of the scene, wondering what the outcome would be, and whether the chief would be obeyed.

Then Chipanga once more addressed the boy, who replied by getting up and signing to us to follow. This we did for about three-quarters of a mile, surrounded by most of the male population of the kraal, particularly the "piccaninies," of whom there were any number. Piccanin or piccaniny is the universal word to express "little" or "a child." At last we came to a circle of trees at the edge of a still traceable ditch enclosing a mass of large granite boulders mixed up with ruined walls. Here we dismounted, and found that there was a flat space of some twenty yards between the ditch and a further line of bank covered with trees; and again inside that was a wall enclosing the granite boulders. This wall was of better workmanship than modern native masonry, but not nearly so good as the Zimbabwe walls. It had low doorways, with stone lintels, the openings being too small to get through without crouching. As we went round we saw a great many other bits of wall, some better, some worse, some apparently loop-holed, and most of them built with mortar, in this respect differing from those at Zimbabwe, which are pure dry-stone work. There also seemed to be some remains of modern huts mixed up with the older buildings. One circular wall, about the circumference of an ordinary hut, but consisting now of only three or four courses of stone, had holes left at intervals all round it, but whether this was the foundation of a hut, or of some more important ancient building, was not easy to determine. We did a num-

ber of photographs of the ruins, with and without the natives, who viewed our cameras with scarcely any alarm. Every available scrap of ground in the fortress was planted with tobacco. Evidently there was no fear in the native mind of anything supernatural here. We now asked where Chipadze's grave was, and were pointed out a group of rocks and trees between two kopjes a little way off to the north-west. We walked thither, preceded by our guide, but now not one of the natives except him would come another step with us. The grass was tremendously luxuriant and long, and difficult to get through, being high over our heads; and it was not till we came right up to a wall that we realized its presence. The masonry of it is almost as perfect as of that at Zimbabwe, but the stones (if my recollections are right) are somewhat larger. As at Zimbabwe, they are wedge-shaped and beautifully fitted together in even rows without mortar. The wall is not continuous, but fills up gaps between boulders, and with them encloses a space, which, at a guess, Mr. G. Grey puts at thirty by fifty yards. The bits of wall vary in size, and what I saw (for I did not go round, owing to the difficulty of getting through the jungle of vegetation) was broken down in places, and nowhere finished at the top, so that one could not tell how high it may originally have been. The height, where I measured it, was about seven feet six inches, and the thickness about five feet six inches. There were four graves within the enclosure, one by itself and three in a group. All had at one time been covered by huts of upright sticks, but not, as is usual, plastered with clay, and with the ordinary thatched roofs. They were all in a more or less ruinous condition, only one still having any roof left on. This one was in the group of three, and inside it were three stones arranged in a triangle, with a large clay pot on them, just as natives usually arrange stones to support a pot for cooking. Mr. Grey saw nothing else of interest, but the place was so overgrown that it would

have been difficult to see anything had it been there.

When we returned to old Chipanga to thank him, he received us graciously and produced a large ornamented pot of "very good" Kaffir beer. After our party had drunk some, the old chief, with trembling hands, raised a large cupful to his mouth and drank off its contents at a draught, which was followed by a terrible fit of shake-you-to-pieces cough. Mr. G. Grey then intimated that the "chieftainesses," referring to us, would like the rest of the beer given to the people. The beer was then handed out to each person in turn in a ladle-shaped gourd, even the tiny babies taking long drinks while clasping the gourd in the prettiest manner with their chubby little hands. Each person after drinking clapped his hands together softly several times, as did every fresh person who joined the crowd. This is the recognized way of expressing respect in this part of the country. We offered the chief some beads before leaving, and he tottered forward, his wrinkled old face quite brightening up as we poured them into his two hands held out together to receive them.

I have told you about this visit to Chipanga's somewhat fully, as it is one of the few occasions on which we had any intercourse with the natives otherwise than merely for barter.

Day after day as we went along we heard the usual rumors of lions having killed oxen about a week before (it is always a week before), and now they have at last proved true. We have been shown the exact spot where the lions were shot, and have seen their skins and skulls. Mr. Coope, who is engineering a new wagon road in the "Devil's Pass" between Salisbury and here, is the principal hero of the story. A Dutchman had outspanned for the night on the road just below his hut, his oxen as usual fastened to the trek-chain, and a number of Mr. Coope's "boys" sleeping close by, when a lioness came up the road and seized the first living thing she came to, which luckily happened to be

an ox, and not a "boy." The ox and the lioness rolled over together, and somehow the trek-chain got twisted round the body of the lioness and was held there by the rest of the oxen pulling hard in the opposite direction. The Dutchman fired at the lioness, and thereupon heard some others retreating, alarmed at the sound of the shot. Awakened by the noise, Mr. Coope came down, and he and the transport rider arranged to sit up with their rifles for the rest of the night in case the lions should return. Luckily they did not do so, for morning broke to find both men lying fast asleep, their heads pillowed on the dead lioness. It was then that they found that she was twisted up so tightly in the trek-chain that she would have been squeezed to death if she had not been shot first. Mr. Coope gave Mrs. Grey the skull of this lioness. She was old and in very poor condition, with her teeth much worn, and had three porcupine quills in her, two stuck in her fore paws, and one long one running upwards through her lower jaw and piercing her tongue. They had all made bad festering wounds, so that the poor beast must have suffered greatly.

The other lions went up to a neighboring kopje, where they spent their time among the baboons, whose lives were thereby made a burden to them, if one may judge by the screams and yells that ensued for several days. After about a week another Dutch transport rider came past. He was warned that there were lions about, but took no heed, even allowing his oxen to wander loose all night to feed. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and next day it was found that three had been killed by the lions. Mr. Coope bought the carcasses, removed two entirely, and left the third for the lions to come back to. He had a little shelter of branches and poles laid against a tree beside the remaining carcase, and inside this he and his overseer and the Dutchman watched for the reappearance of the lions. It was moonlight, and after waiting some time Mr. Coope at last saw the tall grass divide close to

him and the head of a lioness appear, and could hear the sound of her hungry grunts, and the swish of her tail from side to side, as she paused suspiciously and then retreated. Mr. Coope might have shot her if he had not promised the first chance to the transport rider, whom he now found to be asleep. Presently the animal returned; he fired, and she disappeared without a sound, so he believed he had missed her. The smoke was hardly cleared away before he became aware that another lioness was close by on the other side. He fired again; a roar followed, and she also disappeared, and he could hear her moaning in the grass a little way off. At the same time a third lion bounded away into the bush. Next morning the first lioness was found shot through the head and lying just where she had stood, about five yards off. The second had gone away about a mile, and was there despatched. The third was no more seen. The lioness's skull which was given to Mrs. Grey caused great excitement among our "boys" that night. Our outspan was at the foot of the pass, and most weird was the scene,—the wagons dimly visible among the tall trees in the hollow and the blazing fire with the "boys" sitting round it like the witches in "Macbeth," eagerly scanning the skull as they handed it from one to the other with almost reverential gestures.

Some considerable time before this Mr. Coope had another adventure with lions. A detachment of police, among whom he was, had been sent out to bring to reason a powerful chief. Their guide was a "boy" whose brother had been murdered by the chief, and who wished to be revenged on him. The police thought the chief would very likely attack them under cover of night, and when their "boys," who were sleeping a little way off, suddenly with a dreadful outcry, rushed panic-stricken towards them, they at first believed that this was what had happened. It was, however, a lion who had seized their guide, and he was calling out pitifully to the white man

to save him, that he had got the lion down, but it was eating him, and the white man must be careful, careful! And they heard the scrunching of bones. It was pitch dark, but one of the police held up a lantern while Mr. Coope shot. The lion was gnawing the man's arm. The shot apparently missed, and the lion only left the arm and began tearing the thigh instead. A second shot forced the brute to leave the boy and disappear in the darkness. Mr. Coope stooped down and took hold of the boy's arm, and it came off in his hand. The poor fellow was carried to the camp, and all night long he kept alternately raving in delirium, or telling them pluckily that he would soon be well again. The lion had taken off his scalp before it touched his arm. Next morning he died, after telling them that the chief was in league with the lions and had sent them to punish him.

Meanwhile the camp had settled down again, as no one believed that the lions would venture back after all the disturbance. But all at once there was a great commotion among the horses; the lions had attacked them, and breaking the rope which tied them, they stampeded in all directions. The men thought they heard one pulled down by a lion, and then they heard tearing and chewing and smacking of lips. When daylight came they went to the place and found the melancholy remains of a trooper's saddle reduced to shreds and tatters. Eventually the lion which attacked the boy was killed, and all the horses were recovered, though some were badly mauled.

At the "Devil's Pass," we met a man whose terrible experiences some two or three years ago had often been held over us *in terrorem* by Mr. G. Grey, when we did not show sufficient appreciation of the dangers of getting lost on the veldt. This man was travelling up country with a wagon, and got lost on the veldt for forty-six days. During all this time he was without fire and without food, beyond what an unarmed man could procure. For days he had no water, and was so tortured

with thirst that he went into the reeds in hopes that wild beasts would devour him. At last he came to a small vley, or pond, of stagnant water. He lived upon the frogs which he caught in the vley and ate raw, and on any roots and fruits that he could find; but they were so hard that his teeth became quite worn down by them. At night he crawled feet foremost into a deserted ant-bear's hole, blocking up the entrance after him with a bundle of dry grass. Thus he existed till some Dutchmen happened to come across his spoor where he had worn a path to the vley, and, following it up, rescued him. He was almost mad with want and privation when they found him, and could not give a coherent account of how he had lived all those awful weeks. He has now completely recovered.

At the Odzi River, about ten miles from Umtali, we went on ahead of the wagons, leaving them to follow slowly. I think I enjoyed this ride almost more than any other I have had, for the views were so lovely, the hills ideally beautiful in shape, and their coloring of the rare and exquisite iridescent tints that one can only compare to rainbows and mother-of-pearl. When we got here we found ourselves minus an abode to dwell in, but finally became the guests of the sisters at the hospital, which was luckily exempt except for one "boy." This poor fellow got into a tree to avoid a veldt fire, and it is supposed that he was stupefied by the smoke and fell down. At all events he was found afterwards lying on the ground so terribly burnt that he lost an eye, and both his hands had to be amputated. This is the only case in which I have heard of any one being injured by these fires. As a rule they are very tame affairs, just a narrow line of flame running along the ground only a foot or two high. The grass burns so quickly that you do not often see anything like a sheet of flame, and I have more than once walked across the advancing line of fire. When the grass is very luxuriant and the wind high, then it is a different matter, and I have seen a grassy

kopje one mass of flames and smoke, even the trees blazing furiously. I suppose it is partly owing to the frequency of these fires that the "bush" consists so rarely of trees higher than hawthorns, and that their stems are so conspicuously and inartistically black in color.

IX.

Beira, September 17th.

WE had to hurry away from Umtali several days earlier than we had intended, because of an alteration in the time at which the steamer for the Cape was to call here. So we had only time for one expedition,—of course to a gold mine,—but combining therewith much pretty scenery and pleasant company.

The scenery from Umtali till you get to the flat coast belt, is all hilly and beautiful. Umtali is some three thousand feet above the sea, so the road descends nearly the whole way except for a long hill over the pass east of the township. Here we first saw palms and bamboos growing on the banks of the streams. The vegetation gets gradually more and more tropical as you descend, but until we got to within seventy or eighty miles of the coast, where its character has become too different from the high plateau to compare with it, we were surprised to find that the spring seemed less advanced the lower we came, in spite of a warmer atmosphere. Indeed, at Salisbury in the middle of August, the flowers were as much out as at Umtali nearly a fortnight after; and it was only after heavy rain a week later that we saw many new flowers spring up. Among these was a pretty scarlet flower shaped somewhat like a periwinkle, over which we spent much time in attempts to dig it up; but as after going down about a foot and a half its single long root never showed any indication of diminishing in size, much less of coming to an end, we at last desisted in despair. Birds and insects increased greatly in numbers and variety as we descended. There had been comparatively few of either on the high plateau. Large

flocks of parakeets now flew chattering and screaming overhead, and birds with notes reminding one of thrushes and larks used to depress me continually by their song; for they made me sadly regret the spring at home which I had lost, and long for the spring here which I was about to lose. I had often heard of the beautiful standard-wing nightjar, and was one day bemoaning not having seen any, when suddenly, as the sun went down, with noiseless flight one passed close to me, his long, white streamers waving as he went by, and disappeared ghost-like in the darkness.

At Revue huge moths, like our own "emperor" but with wings five or six inches across, were just coming in numbers out of their cocoons; and every now and then, as you walked along, up started a monster grasshopper with scarlet wings rustling as he flew; and then down he would flop, tuck the scarlet away and become invisible again. One day I saw a strange cloud of a red-brown color, such as I had never seen before. It was a great flight of locusts, which happily passed away from us. We have had too many of these gentry already.

After descending the pass near Umtali we came to a bit of road continually crossed by deep "dongas," or watercourses, with a very steep pitch in and out—such as it would never occur to one as possible to drive into in England, but which one takes as a matter of course out here. Still, when lying in bed at night, with one's head down and one's feet up, feeling as if the wagon were at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the oxen vainly endeavored to draw it up the side of the gully, one could not help wondering what would happen to one if the trek-chain broke. I said something of this sort to our conductor one day, when he immediately regaled me with one or two stories of such accidents, all ending, "the wagons were smashed to bits."

All the way down to the railway we continually passed by lines of "boys" carrying goods on their heads to Um

tali, and returning unloaded. This is because of the difficulties of transport, owing to the tsetse fly in the low ground. Mr. Coope, who accompanied us from Umtali, showed quite a genius in persuading these natives to sell us their knives and other treasures. He would begin by talking to them, gradually bringing them into such a state of good humor that they kept bursting into fits of laughter. Then he would proceed to barter for the article we wanted, and gradually wheedled them into pulling it out with reluctant hands and pathetic smile, yet unable to resist the voice of the charmer—and the bright rupees temptingly held before them. Nearly all these “boys” carried pillows—small carved wooden stands with a concave top, on which to rest the back of the head. Personally, I had far rather sleep with my head on the ground than resting on one of these, but tastes differ. Some of the natives had oblong dishes cut out of thick bark, or carried the food of their party wrapped up in a kind of cloth made of bark, got chiefly from the machabel-tree. This tree has a leaf rather like a polypody fern, but with many more leaflets—I have counted as many as nineteen on each side—and growing in graceful tufts like bunches of ostrich feathers. It is one of the most beautiful and characteristic trees in the country. The natives also usually carry knives, often with handles and sheaths most artistically decorated in patterns with fine brass or copper wire (probably made in Germany). Sometimes knobkerries and assegais are similarly ornamented. Very often they carry a pointed piece of iron, like a large packing needle, in a sheath hung round the neck by a thong of leather like a boot-lace. This is for taking thorns out of their feet. With it are frequently hung a few brass rings like curtain-rings, or a snuff-box. These last are of many sorts, cleverly carved in wood, and of an infinite variety of shapes and patterns; or made from the seed vessels of different plants, carefully hollowed out.

Another much-prized ornament you

occasionally see, is an ivory-colored disc, with a hole in the middle by which it is hung round the neck. The disc is about as large as the bottom of a tumbler, and with a deep spiral groove on one side, the other being quite smooth. I cannot make out whether these are natural or artificial. They are said to come from a long way off inland, and it is very difficult to induce a native to part with one.

Considering how short is the hair on their woolly pates, it is wonderful what variety of ways the natives have of arranging it. Many wear combs made of a dozen or more quills tied together in the shape of a half-closed fan, and this often fastens in one or two shabby bits of ostrich or other feathers. Sometimes they divide the hair by wide partings all over the head, so that it is left in long parallel ridges. But one of the most peculiar ways of decorating it, is by taking a number of small locks and tying each of them closely round and round with a wisp of grass, leaving a little tuft at the end, so that their heads look exactly as if they had stuck on a sort of cocks-comb of fuses.

One of the men who passed us had two sticks for making fire, and he showed us how he did it. One of the sticks was about fifteen inches long, and about half an inch in diameter. The other was flatter, and had already in it several shallow round holes made by getting fire on former occasions. He took the latter piece, and having cut a smaller, irregular-shaped hole in it, he squatted on the ground holding it firmly down at each end by his two feet. He then took the first piece of stick and held it upright between his two palms, and with the point of the lower end resting in the hole he had just made in the horizontal stick. He twirled the upright stick rapidly between his hands, and in less than a minute it had bored a round hole in the other, and the dust so produced began to smoke and then ignited like tinder. A companion brought a little handful of fine dry grass which caught a spark from this, and which he held half en-

closed in the palms of his hands, gently blowing on it till it flamed up. It is perfectly marvellous how little the natives mind being burned by a fire. They will stand over one while the flames are licking up their bare legs and never move, and will keep their hands and feet in red-hot ashes with the utmost indifference for several seconds.

Two nights after we left Umtali our four mules bolted with the spider, which coming against the wheel of our wagon was finally reduced to a condition beyond even the powers of the trekker's friend — reims — to remedy. So it was left behind at the Revue River. Here also one of our horses died, in spite of the eager ministrations of the whole party. Near there are some very tall fan-palms. Were it not for the veldt fires there would soon be a large grove of them, for there were any number of young ones coming up, and the burnt remains of many more. During the few days of our stay at Revue we had a good deal of rain, coming unusually early in the season, and we had thus an opportunity of observing the difference in comfort of a life on the veldt during wet or dry weather. It is certainly not an agreeable life to remain cooped up in a wagon, shivering in clothes in which you formerly complained of heat; the wood too wet to make a fire, and with the knowledge that if the rain goes on much longer you will run short of spirits of wine and be unable even to make tea. Luckily the situation was not prolonged to this point with us. The dark, rainy nights are those in which lions do most abound, and a few miles off Dennison heard them roaring near where he had outspanned on his way back to join us with the buck-wagon. This gave me hopes that I might still come across one, but we got down to Chimoio's without seeing anything of greater interest than a puff-adder, and the lions abstained from even a grunt.

At Chimoio's we bade a final farewell to our conductor and boys and to the trekking life we had so much en-

joyed. I felt quite a lump in my throat as our wagon turned away, and only saved the situation by taking a hasty "snap-shot" as it departed. From there to the coast you have to go through "the fly" as they always say here; that is, the belt of land infested with the tsetse fly, whose bite is certain death to cattle, horses, and donkeys, though the latter often live for a few months after being bitten. Mr. Coope had made arrangements for our journey from Chimoio's to the railway by engaging two sets of carriers and a traction-engine, besides arranging with the Portuguese commandant (for we had entered Portuguese territory at Massikessi) for another set of carriers and a machila or hammock. This sounds rather a large order, but it proved Mr. Coope's appreciation of the situation; for when we reached Chimoio's we found that the engine drivers were drunk, the commandant's promises had not got beyond the stage of words, and one set of carriers had vanished. Luckily there remained the set of carriers Mr. Coope had brought with him. The contents of the wagon were spread out on the ground, and to each carrier was given his appointed load, the efforts of some of them to skulk off with less than their share of weight being amusing to watch. The commandant and his English wife entertained us with the utmost hospitality, and at last, about three in the afternoon, we started, the gentlemen walking, and I in a hammock. We had not gone very far before we came on the traction-engine standing deserted by the roadside, the men in charge having "gone on the burst." Most of our way lay along the half-finished railway-line, high grass or bush on either side, and quantities of lovely lilac petunia-like flowers bordering the track.

Practised machila-bearers amble along at a rate of about six miles an hour, but mine only went about four, and as they went, when Mr. Coope, who understood their language, was not near enough to hear them, they sang songs in which the words "Makadze Máma" (Lady Mother, — mother being

a term of respect among the natives) continually recurred. Whether they sang in my praise or not I cannot tell, but as when previously bargaining with Mr. Coope about their pay, they had admitted that though tall I was not fat, I hope it was the former.

At dusk we stopped after going about ten miles, and then found that two of our carriers were missing, and those two carried most of our food and utensils. We had some tea, a little very peppery desiccated soup, some very dry salt ham, and some biscuits, — not an inviting meal for tired and thirsty men. With the aid of a patrol-tin, a basin, a frying-pan, and the lid of a biscuit-tin, which had to do treble duty as cups, plates, pots, and pans, we managed very well. The tent was put up for me, and the men slept outside wrapped in waterproof sheets. It was lucky they had them, for the dew was so heavy that the tent was dripping inside when I got up next morning. We were off again by sunrise, only stopping for an hour or so before midday to rest and eat, and hurrying on in hopes of catching a "construction" train which was to bring up rails to "ninety mile peg." Mr. Coope had surveyed a good deal of this country some time before, and told me that near here he had been waked one night by myriads of bites, and found he was assailed by a column of ants marching across country and destroying everything in their course. Every chicken he had was bitten to death by them, for being shut up they could not escape. I don't think I have ever mentioned the "stink ants" to you. They are the only kind that ever troubled us. It is said that if you annoy them in any way, as, for instance, by treading on them or unwittingly burning them in your campfire, they emit a most horrible odor. Certainly every now and then we did experience such odors, but I never investigated to see whether they were made by the ants or not. No other insects ever troubled us at all, during the whole of our wagon journey, though the horses and cattle were covered with ticks.

We reached ninety mile peg just in time to catch the train, and were allowed to go down to seventy-five mile peg in one of the empty trucks. For some way we kept along the watershed, which in some parts is so narrow that you almost see over both sides at once. Once or twice we went through a patch of almost tropical forest. The trees were very large — they would look large in England — with tall, bare stems. Some were buttressed at the bottom as though boards had been put against them; others looked like living fagots, the sticks of which had partly grown together and sprouted at the top.

A few miles from "seventy-five," the line winds along a series of narrow cuttings and embankments, from the latter of which you get very fine extended views, the crimson of the magoussy-trees and the rich green of the large Kaffir plums, which remind me of evergreen oaks, giving a splendid effect of color, backed by blue hills in the distance. The line is single, the gauge only two feet, and the earthen embankments are so extremely high and steep that they look as though they must be washed out with the first heavy rain. As we passed through one of the cuttings a snake, which had evidently fallen in over the top, reared itself up and struck at our truck with all its force, falling back impotently, as with the indifference of fate the train pursued the even tenor of its way.

At "seventy-five" we were taken straight to Herkner's, the only "house of accommodation" in the place which has no bar; and I must say that the following night I was thankful there was such an abode to go to, for anything like the noise and drunkenness at the bars I never heard. We had some nice little huts to sleep in with thatched roofs and bamboo walls. On arriving we asked for dinner, and were told that they would neither provide us with food nor cook for us, though they would allow us a Barmecide's feast in the shape of empty cups and plates. Luckily our missing boys having turned up, we had some provisions

with us, and though I cannot say that either their quality or variety were very enticing, we were far beyond minding trifles of that sort. On the second day we attempted to improve our fare by buying some tinned cabbage at the store, but when opened the odor was such that with one accord we fled hastily from the hut.

Our carriers were paid the day after we arrived, and immediately proceeded to a neighboring store, where they spent a large proportion of the 4s. 6d. they had earned in purchasing the storekeeper's whole stock of parasols — marvellous objects, with each section of a different and flaring color. The boys paraded the village with these over their heads, grinning from ear to ear with child-like delight. It was the more comic as they don't care a bit how hot the sun is on their heads, and anything they put on them is simply with a view to ornament, as, for instance, the brim of a straw hat without its crown. But some tribes always wear hats, some of which are like our familiar "chimney-pots," but made of grass, and looking quite as absurd. The mention of parasols reminds me of what I do not think I told you before — how I broke the stick of my umbrella at Palapsye, and had it mended by a Bechuana native. It came back spliced with ornamental brass wire-work in beautiful patterns. The only drawback was that it would neither open nor shut.

Next morning we left by train for Fontesvilla, the line being laid in zig-zags where the ground sloped steeply, and the last few miles crossing an absolutely flat plain just above the level of the sea, and one vast marsh in the rainy season. Here we ought to have seen herds of zebras, buffaloes, and all sorts of antelopes, as they frequently come pretty close to the train; but our usual luck attended us, and though I was told that the distant black dots were some of these animals, they might just as well have been the common cow for anything I could see.

The guard of our train, whose red and yellow "blazer" and shabby grey wideawake hardly recalled the spick-

and-span uniformed guard of England, spent his time in trying to shoot every hawk or crow we passed. It amused him, and did not hurt the birds. When not shooting he kept striking matches and throwing them into the long grass on either side, and whenever it caught fire he pointed out the fact to us with conscious pride. He must have used up several boxes in this way. I caught a number of tsetse flies in the train, which were buzzing about just as a horsefly would do at home, but unluckily some ants afterwards got into the box in which I kept them and ate them all up. A little way from Fontesvilla two of the wheels of our railway carriage went off the line. This is apparently so common an occurrence that some of the passengers did not on this occasion even take the trouble to get out. In about ten minutes the wheels were put back on the line, and we reached Fontesvilla safely, having been nine hours going seventy-five miles.

Fontesvilla is on the banks of the Pungwe, which is here a tidal river. The S.S. Kimberley came up soon after our arrival, and we were hurried off into it, as the captain wished to start before the tide turned. Nevertheless, soon after starting, we stuck on a sandbank, and remained there till the tide rose again next morning. The Pungwe is very wide here, and the water is so muddy as to curdle in almost solid masses as the steamer cuts through it. The land on either side is absolutely flat, and very little above the level of the water. It is clothed with innumerable small trees about the size of large hop-poles, which are said to be mangroves. These are continually undermined by the current, and the banks seem to consist of nothing but the overhanging roots of trees about to fall, while the edge of the water is lined with those that have already fallen. White egrets stand in the mud among them, and in one place we saw a troop of monkeys clambering along. We reached Beira on September 13th, being most kindly received by the British consul, and are now wait-

ing in his house for the steamer to take us home.

Four days after we came down the Pungwe, some "boys" going along in a boat some miles above the town, saw a lion half sunk in the soft mud at the edge of the river, so they rowed up to him, and as he could not extricate himself they beat him to death with their oars, and brought him down to Beira. Is it not provoking to think that if we had come down four days later we should have seen him? As it is, I have spent five months in the country without seeing either lion, crocodile, or hippopotamus. What has been the use of coming to Africa!

From The Fortnightly Review.
MR. PEEL AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

THE late speaker of the House of Commons has retired from the chair amid a perfect chorus of congratulations in Parliament and the press on the exceptional success with which he has discharged the difficult duties and maintained the high dignity of his office. It would be alike unjust and ungracious to suggest that these enthusiastic eulogies are undeserved. No competent critic of Mr. Peel's conduct in the chair could, for a moment, think of denying that he has been an able and authoritative speaker; or even, though this is a point on which only a very prolonged experience indeed could entitle any one to speak with confidence, that his merits surpass those displayed by the majority of his predecessors in that office in the course of the present century. Of these he has had seven; but inasmuch as two of them, Sir John Mitford and Mr. Abercromby, only occupied the chair for a year and four years respectively, we may say that the number of his competitors is practically reduced to five. The comparison, therefore, would lie between Mr. Peel and Speakers Abbot, Manners Sutton, Shaw-Lefevre, Denison, and Brand; and it is to be noted, though the fact of course has more than one significance, that his term of

office has been the shortest of them all. It is probable that no man now lives who sat in Parliament under the speakership of Mr. Abbot, which came to a close in 1817; while even Mr. Gladstone had only been three years in the House when Sir Henry Manners Sutton vacated the chair to be raised to the peerage as Viscount Canterbury. If, therefore, the comparison is to be confined to a period for which the evidence of living witnesses who had adequate opportunities of observation is available, Mr. Peel's record can only be compared to any purpose with those of the last three speakers who preceded him in the chair, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Brand. And, undoubtedly, unless the eulogies to which we have referred are excessive, we should have to conclude that his name will go down to posterity along, let us say, with that of Onslow, when those of the three speakers who became respectively Lord Eversley, Lord Ossington, and Lord Hampden are lost in the shadowy company of Addingtons, Abbots, and Abercrombies.

Of course, it may be so. Posterity will judge of speakers as it has judged, judges, and will judge of poets; and contemporary opinion in the one case, as in the other, can only make guesses at its verdict. Still I cannot but think that one may guess with a good deal of plausibility that not posterity merely, but the public of ten or twenty years hence, will decline to approve the elevation of the excellent and most efficient speaker whose retirement we are all regretting to the position of extraordinary pre-eminence which is claimed for him. And if *anybody* retains the balance of his judgment in those days (which, to some of us in hours of despondency, seems doubtful upon present appearances), it will be perceived, by that retrospective critic at any rate, that while Mr. Peel's conduct of Parliamentary proceedings, from 1884 to 1895, can be clearly made out from contemporary records, to have been able and successful, the extravagant eulogies showered upon him at his retirement were merely the utterances

of that spirit of "sensational" exaggeration which can neither praise nor blame anything with any sense of measure, and which nowadays so largely pervades our periodical literature, and makes itself so constantly felt, not only in our public speaking, but even in the commonplaces of social converse.

Other causes, too, have no doubt contributed to the same result, and, indeed, one such case, and a most influential one, obtrudes itself upon notice. I refer, of course, to the fact that so large a proportion of the members of the present Parliament, and so vigorously vocal a body of writers for the newspaper press, have had so short an experience of the House of Commons, and are really so ignorant, if I may say so without offence, of even the traditions of past Parliamentary generations on this subject. The history of the speakership begins for many of them when Mr. Brand was about midway in his career; not a few of them were in long clothes, some of them unborn, when Mr. Brand's immediate predecessor was called to the chair. It is difficult for them to realize that the resolution of thanks moved by Sir William Harcourt on the 9th of April is substantially "common form;" that speaker after speaker has been assured that the House "fully appreciates the zeal and ability with which he has discharged his duties," and entertains the strongest sense not only "of the firmness and dignity with which he has maintained its privileges," but also of (what many an ardent youth has doubtless regarded as a special compliment to Mr. Peel) the "urbanity and kindness which have uniformly marked his conduct in the chair, and which have secured for him the esteem and gratitude of every member of the House." Even if they do realize that this resolution is common form in Parliamentary procedure, they are assuredly not likely to have assimilated the fact that the tributes paid to a retiring speaker from the two front benches, are themselves in a large measure the common form of Parliamentary rhetoric, and that when an orator of more originality

than usual departs from it, it is for the pleasure of launching some picturesque phrase which has been suggested rather by his own artistic instincts than by its special appropriateness to the object. Thus it was of Mr. Denison, certainly not a speaker exceptionally remarkable for the commanding quality of his authority, that Mr. Disraeli observed in characteristic fashion, that even the "rustle of his robes" as he rose to rebuke a breach of order was sufficient to awe an offender into submission. In the language, in short, of the leader of the House, and of the leader of the Opposition for the time being, each retiring speaker in turn has specially distinguished himself in the display of the qualities demanded by his office. An Amurath of promptitude, firmness, impartiality, and urbanity, invariably succeeds an Amurath of readiness, decision, fairmindedness, and conciliatory manners. It is only right that it should be so; it could not be otherwise without infringing the proper and, indeed, indispensable conventions of public life. Nor, of course, do I suggest that even the youngest journalist or member of Parliament is theoretically unaware of the conventionality of all such ceremonial proceedings. It is easy, however, to understand that this fact does not, and cannot, come home to him as it comes home to those who have been themselves eye-witnesses of three of these ceremonies, and retain a vivid recollection of the account given them by eye-witnesses of a fourth.

Some, to be sure, among the high qualities ascribed on these occasions to speakers may be predicated of all of them with substantial truth, and in substantially equal amount. No speaker, of modern times at any rate, has ever been accused, or perhaps, save in a few irritated minds, and then only for a few irritated moments, even suspected, of partiality. Nor have any of them ever failed of a desire to maintain the dignity of the office; a weakness of human nature co-operates with its strength to secure that. Zeal, industry, vigilance, and so forth they have none of them

ever wanted. The attribution of these merits might well be stereotyped, and historical accuracy would not be violated by assuming that every speaker is, as a matter of fact, equally worthy of it. But, of course, the qualities which go to make one speaker superior to another are the intellectual qualities of acuteness, readiness, and mastery of Parliamentary law; the moral qualities of courage, firmness, and self-restraint; and last, but not least, that indispensable "authority," which is probably much more closely connected with physical than with either moral or intellectual characteristics, but which no doubt possesses affinities with all three. It was to this last-mentioned gift that Mr. Peel was no doubt most largely indebted. He unquestionably inspired more awe, in his later years of office at any rate, than some, at any rate, of his predecessors. Peculiarities of physique had, of course, not a little share in the production of this effect. His tall stature, his stately bearing, his resonant and powerful voice, in its stronger tones, so admirably expressive of indignant displeasure, all in their several degrees contributed to it. The "natural dignity" which his most ardent admirers attributed to him in such unbounded measure, was doubtless to no inconsiderable extent a personal attribute; yet not quite to the extent supposed. As a matter of fact no speaker within living memory, and probably none within reach of living tradition, has ever been wanting in dignity. It would be a wonder if any had. The position is a great one; far too august, indeed, not to react upon and influence the bearing of its occupant. Historic traditions, immemorial and splendid, surround the chair with an *aura* of majesty which at one and the same time inspires the speaker and illudes the spectator. The former would be truly a poor creature if his demeanor did not borrow some dignity from his office; the latter would be a dull dog indeed if he did not lend it still more from his own imagination. If a speaker has what is called a good presence he is naturally described as

dignified; if not, he is admired the more for being dignified without it. Mr. Peel in the chair filled the eye of the visitor to the House of Commons, as Mr. Irving on the stage fills the eye of the playgoer at the Lyceum. No one certainly could have said that of Mr. Brand; yet surely even the youngest of members and journalists must be able to remember the time when the "extraordinary natural dignity" which carried off Mr. Brand's insufficient inches, was the theme of general admiration. It is hardly just to the memory of the late Lord Hampden thus completely to ignore the signal success with which he overcame physical drawbacks hardly less marked than the counter advantages of his successor.

Dignity, however, though it may assist "authority," is not identical with it. In moments of excitement the appeal to the eye goes for nothing. It is the voice, its words, their tone and accent—these and the associations which they awaken, and the knowledge of what they portend, which recall the rebellious to their senses; and the late speaker undoubtedly possessed an abundant measure of the potent influence which these things confer. But so also did Speaker Brand. I should certainly say that his control over the House was little less complete than that of Mr. Peel in his later years of office, and much more assured than was that of the latter at the commencement of his term. And, judging from my still lively recollections of the report of men who sat in Parliaments of the 'forties and 'fifties, they were neither of them regarded with such profound reverence as was paid during seventeen years of office to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The fame, indeed, of this great speaker, and in particular his reputation for intellectual ability and profound acquaintance with Parliamentary law and precedent long survived his retirement, and may even be said to have more or less overshadowed the blameless, if undistinguished, record of his immediate successor in the chair. There is, therefore, a dis-

tinct note, if not of proved exaggeration, at any rate of most hazardous prediction in the language of those panegyrists who undertake to assure us that Mr. Peel's speakership will, a generation hence, take rank in our political annals as "the speakership of the century." When the historian is left, as he then will be, with no materials to work upon save traditional evidences of the contemporary and posthumous repute in which each successive speaker was held, he will be at any rate no less likely — perhaps more likely, considering the greater fickleness of the popular memory in these days — to assign that position to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre than to Mr. Peel.

It will be said, however, and with perfect truth, that the conditions of a true comparison between the records of these two eminent persons do not exist. To have been a strong and authoritative speaker during any period between 1867 and the present day has required far greater strength of character and force of personality than to have earned that fame at any time between the first Reform Act and the introduction of household suffrage. This, let it be again admitted, is undeniably true, and one may further limit the first-mentioned of these periods by dating it from 1875, the epoch of Mr. Parnell's first appearance in Parliament, and the invention of the Irish "policy of exasperation." Practically, therefore, the comparison, to be in any degree profitable or instructive, must be confined to twenty years and to two competitors. Mr. Peel's conduct of business in the House of Commons between 1884 and 1895 must be compared with Mr. Brand's conduct of it between 1872 and 1884.

To attempt to pursue such a comparison in any detail, and to assign quantitative values to the qualities possessed respectively by each of the two speakers in question, would, apart from its invidiousness, be signally absurd. It would be impossible to prove, and I am not in the least concerned to maintain, that Mr. Peel's predecessor was either his superior or even his equal as

a moderator of the debates, and a guardian of the privileges — and manners — of the House of Commons. Enough will have been done for my purpose if I suggest certain reasons for demurring to that excessive exaltation of the late speaker's merits and achievements which imports something more than a bare claim on his behalf to be credited with ability superior to that of his predecessor, and implies, unless it be the merest insincerity of adulation, that he was a sort of heaven-sent redeemer of the House of Commons from the state of indiscipline and disorganization into which, under that predecessor, it had been allowed to lapse. This may not be meant, and perhaps is not meant, by most of Mr. Peel's unmeasured eulogists, but it is an almost inevitable inference from the very excess of their panegyrics, and it is, of course, whether an intentional or not, a gross injustice to the late Lord Hampden.

How little this could have been anticipated eleven years ago, the House of Commons has been recently and — for one party, perhaps — somewhat inopportunely reminded. But Sir Herbert Maxwell's reminiscences of the events of 1884 — of the inconsolable regrets expressed for the loss of Sir Henry Brand, and the despondent presages inspired by the Parliamentary obscurity of his successor — really lent themselves to more than one moral. Sir William Harcourt used them effectively enough to prove — if such a proposition required proof — that a member of Parliament previously little known to his colleagues may admirably replace a speaker supposed to be irreplaceable. They are, however, at least equally material as showing that there is a natural tendency to consider every good speaker irreplaceable until he is actually replaced. And as a matter of historical fact, the doubts of Mr. Peel's ability to replace Sir Henry Brand were not by any means immediately dispelled. Those who have watched professionally, so to speak, his highly honorable and successful career in the chair, from its commencement to its

close, are well aware that that success was all the more honorable to him because it was only gradually achieved. About one-fourth—no excessive proportion, it may readily be admitted—of his official life was spent in acquiring or perfecting those powers which had to be displayed in their maturity before his complete fitness for his office could be regarded as demonstrated, and his reputation as established. Throughout another period, equal perhaps to about a half of his whole term, that reputation went on steadily increasing; and during the last two or three years of his occupancy of the chair, his fame has, in the phrase of Thucydides, “won its way to the mythical.” That Mr. Peel is, and was from the first, the ideal and heaven-born speaker is a legend of the present Parliament which one could almost watch in the making.

As a matter of fact the fortunes of his official career were, in the first instance, and for some considerable time, rendered doubtful by the very cause which has now unhappily cut it short at the acme of its success. For more than one session it seemed gravely uncertain whether his health was sufficiently robust or, at any rate, sufficiently equable to bear the strain; and it was during the same period, perhaps as a consequence of the same cause, that Mr. Peel had to combat, and did at last completely overcome, certain hindrances to efficiency which he at first encountered. The eulogies which have been recently pronounced on the late speaker’s imperturbable placidity of temper were singularly maladroit. He is, in fact, to be congratulated on their inaccuracy. For, indeed, to be known to possess a quick and warm temper is, when once he has acquired control of it, a distinct source of strength to any one charged with authority over the proceedings of a public assembly. His self-restraint invites respect, while the knowledge that it has its limits inspires prudence. Mr. Peel’s temper was not, and is not, placid in the sense of slow to move; and though it became at last, it was not at first, by any means imperturbable in the chair. In his earlier

encounters with the troublesome, a distinct tendency to irritability placed him at a disadvantage; it was by degrees only that he acquired a self-command which, in his later career, was never endangered except on one occasion, strangely enough, perhaps, by the insolence of a member too notorious for the brutality of his manners to be capable, one would have thought, of disturbing it.

So, too, with Mr. Peel’s “rapidity” and “decision” in dealing with points of order and practice. These also were acquired, not original, qualities, or, at any rate, they were qualities which were far from conspicuous in his earlier rulings, and for the former of which he was to the last less remarkable than his predecessor. And though his pronouncements were doubtless generally sound, they were not invariably convincing—one of the latest of them indeed, as to the right of a member to evade the tellers, though he has remained in the House after the doors have been locked for a division, being certainly opposed to a Parliamentary rule enforced within the last thirty years against a near relative of my own, whom I well remember to have been publicly and solemnly reprimanded by Mr. Speaker Denison for this very irregularity.

But no doubt Mr. Peel’s highest title to fame is founded mainly upon the two grounds of the commanding and, indeed, awe-inspiring authority which, after the first two or three sessions of his speakership, he exercised over the House of Commons, and of the admirably judicial union of firmness and moderation with which he wielded the large and novel discretionary power, over the privileges of debate and in other matters, which was entrusted to him by the new rules. Nor would I, for a moment, be understood to question the weight and magnitude of these two claims. As to the facts on which they are founded, it would be even more absurd than ungracious to dispute them. Mr. Peel’s controlling power over the House of Commons was patent even to the least experienced eye, and

In the present Parliament it has been emphasized by contrast with the weakness of an exceptionally unauthoritative chairman of committees. That he has held the balance singularly even as between majorities and minorities is also as undeniable as is the value of the service which he has thereby rendered in showing that it is possible for a speaker to exercise this almost despotic authority without any of the apprehended damage to that reputation for rigid impartiality which is the most precious attribute of the chair. The conscientious fairness which formed the moral constituent in this achievement is a common national quality; the sound judgment which represented its intellectual contributory was, of course, personal to the man; and though a further experience of this authority after its transfer to other hands is necessary to any precise estimate of the difficulty of so irreproachably exercising it, and of the amount of judgment required to overcome that difficulty, Mr. Peel is, in the mean time, entitled to the full benefit of the presumption that this amount was, in his case, considerable. Nor is it unnatural that those who regard the future of the House of Commons with anxiety should be loth to measure their praises of the speaker under whom this momentous experiment in the reform of our Parliamentary procedure was carried to a successful issue.

When, however, these praises assume the form and go the length of express or implied disparagement of Mr. Peel's predecessor, it is only right to recall the enormous difference between the conditions under which these two distinguished officials respectively discharged the duties of their post, and the extraordinary degree in which this difference told in favor of the later. In the first place, power is power, though it increases responsibility, and the instrument of authority wielded by Sir Henry Brand, as compared with that which the House of Commons placed in the hands of Mr. Peel, was almost as a reed to a rod.

In the next place, how does the work

which it was called upon to perform in one case compare with the demands made upon it in the other? In his touching and dignified farewell to the House of Commons, Mr. Peel referred to the period of his election as a time of "storm and stress." It was so; but it was rapidly drawing to a close. The storm was fast abating, and the stress relaxing, when Sir Henry Brand retired from the chair; but the previous seven years had been the stormiest period in the whole history of Parliament. From 1876 to 1883 the then speaker of the House of Commons had to cope with wilder scenes of disorder, with more furious contentions, with more daring defiances of authority, with more determined perversions of Parliamentary usage and abuses of Parliamentary privilege than a few years before would have seemed probable or even possible contingencies; and he had to face all this equipped with no more effective armament than that of the blunt and cumbrous weapons in use for hundreds of years. The hours alone during which he had, with hardly any intermission, to occupy the chair were long enough to dull the vigilance of the most alert, and to break down the nerve and vigor of the most robust. Yet Mr. Brand, as he then was, fought through it all—the almost daily "scenes" in the House, the all-night sittings, the wholesale suspensions—and if now and then he made a mistake, as was inevitable, no one has ever charged him with a moment's failure of dignity, resolution, or courage.

The climax and crisis of the struggle was reached at the so-called Parliamentary *coup d'état* of 1881. In 1882 the second Crimes Act was passed, and, during that and the following year, the battle theretofore raging in Parliament was transferred in part, at least, to another field. In 1884, when Mr. Peel succeeded to the chair, the new franchise legislation was imminent; and the exhausted Parnellites were waiting for the reinforcements which they rightly expected from it. In 1885, Mr. Gladstone surrendered to the reinforced party, and the Irish at-

tack on the efficiency of the House of Commons was abandoned. It ceased to be the deliberate object, or the direct interest, of any group of members to abuse the privileges of the House, and to defy, insult, or even tire out its speaker, whose labors, moreover, were lightened to a degree far beyond the experience of any of his predecessors by the twelve o'clock rule. In a word, Mr. Peel's task of governing the House of Commons was as much easier than was Sir Henry Brand's as Mr. Morley's task of governing Ireland is easier than was Mr. Balfour's. Mr. Peel himself would undoubtedly be the first to admit it, and, content with the distinguished place of which he is assured in history as the speaker who has taught his successors the wise, yet vigorous, use of new and vast controlling powers, he would repudiate praises bestowed upon him at the expense of those before him who have manfully and successfully upheld the dignity and efficiency of Parliament with the weaker powers that they possessed.

H. D. TRAILL.

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WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

WHEN we were boys we used to find no season of the year so trying as the weeks in which the field or lawn before the house was sacredly kept for mowing grass. We could see the finches fly down into it from one or other of the three great elm-trees, which stood so proudly and threw over it such immense shadows. The finches would hover a while, picking the seeds of the taller grass, then plump down, invisible, unapproachable.

We were forbidden to set foot upon this ground, sacred to the mower,—worse still, forbidden to throw a stone which might injure the scythe when the time came for cutting. We could hear all day the cry of the corn-crakes,—sometimes coming almost to our feet, as it seemed, when we stood at the edge of this world which was “great

taboo” to us—yet could not move a step in search of them; and at the next *crake* they would be yards and yards away in the sea of undulant grass. We would curiously watch the swallows skimming closely and swiftly over it, or the house-martins diving down from the nests which they built under the eaves of the house,—eaves carefully so placed, as it seemed to us, that from the top-story windows we could touch the nests with two joints of a fishing-rod, yet could by no manner of means arrive at a plan by which we might look, or put our fingers, into them. The fate of Tantalus seems to be the continual portion of a boy. We used to hate these poor birds, who built their nests just out of the reach of our wicked little fingers, with the blind, unreasoning fury of baffled tyrants, and hurl epithets of boyish rage at the short white throat and tiny black bill that lay over the ridge of the mud-walled nest. Yet our hearts were tender enough to bring big lumps into our throats and an uncomfortable moisture into our eyes, when one of our caged pets came to an untimely end. True, this might only have been selfish sorrow over our personal loss,—after all, there is a certain likeness between boys and human beings; but we have an idea that there was an admixture of more noble, generous pity for the fate of something we had loved.

But if the season of keeping the mowing grass was one of trial to the flesh of boyhood, the season of the actual mowing was one of the purest delight. Early in the morning the cheery sound of the whetted scythes would awaken us to the knowledge that a busy day was before us. For it was needful that we should follow the steps of the mowers as they laid low wave upon wave of the juicy, ripe-eared grass, that sighed to each sweep of the scythe like a wave falling on a level beach. It was needful that we should follow, for we could not tell but that each falling wave might reveal the late nest of a corn-crake or skylark, or a little mat of moss which held humble bees and combs with honey. There

were others whose business it was to follow the scythe-strokes no less assiduously,—chaffinches and greenfinches coming to feast on the falling seeds of grass. They were tame at these times, not distinguishing the boy, fully armed with catapult and swan-shot, from the mower and his ordinary camp-following. It was a season of great opportunities. Nests of field mice were among the treasures which the mowing was likely to reveal. In some fields, of which we had heard, partridges' nests had been thus discovered; we had in our memories a tragic story of the head of a partridge being taken sheer off, as she sat on her nest, by the stroke of the scythe, but such fortune never fell in our way. The swallows would come brushing past us, sweeping very low over the cut grass for the crowds of insects, invisible to us, which this convulsion of their world sent swarming into the air. They came so close that we almost seemed to feel the stir of their wings in the still summer air, and could distinctly hear the snap of their bills as they closed them on an insect. But though they flew so low, we might know better than to draw therefrom any evil augury for the weather, for the house-martins were flying high up above the tallest trees; and, above again, cutting bolder circles and almost lost in the radiance of the upper heaven, the swifts coursed screaming. Now and again the scythe of the mower, or his heavy foot, would send disaster into a nest of ants, and the active little creatures would appear carrying off to cool underground regions the cocoons which the hot sun would soon have baked. Boy-like, we loved to add to their discomfort, stirring up their piled hill with sticks, to watch their skurrying, until bites in tender portions of our legs told us that some of the out-pickets of the camp had found their way up our knickerbockers for their revenge. We did not care for the bites of the black ants, but believed (on the strength of some groundless tradition) that the bites of the red ant are poisonous.

Over and over again we tried the ex-

periment of burying in the ant-hill a box with holes punctured in it, containing the body of some small, dead thing, in the hope that the ants would pick it for us and leave us a perfect skeleton. We never found the results as they should have been. The ants left fur or feather or gristle, or something which would have been better away, and in trying to scrape these off, we always brought the mechanism of slender bones to ruin. We made other experiments with the ants, however; assuredly the presumption of boys is beyond all limits. We constituted ourselves Heaven's executive and Nemesis on those wasps which we caught endeavoring to invade the hives of the bees. On no other wasps did we deal out so evil a fate, but these, in our boyish view of justice, seemed to deserve no better. We caught them with some trouble in small butterfly nets, greatly dreading the while the stings of the bees who might not recognize us as benefactors, and with yet greater trouble transferred them to an inverted glass with a sheet of cardboard across its mouth. In this glass prison we bore them, buzzing with furious anger, to the ant-hill, plumped glass and cardboard firmly on the yielding substance of the hill, withdrew the cardboard, and watched events. The ants, thronging up from their disturbed passages, leaped upon the wasps like tigers. The wasps might buzz up to the top of the glass—it was no use; they did but bear with them three or four of their assailants, who did not cease to attack them tooth and nail. Five minutes was enough to settle it. In that space of time every wasp in the glass would have surrendered to numbers, been put to death, and dragged into hidden storehouses. The cruelty of it is sickening; it is as bad as bull-fighting. We are not sure that the fact of our discriminating, our presuming to act as instruments of justice, does not throw a worse light, as of a certain smug self-righteousness, over it all. We are glad to have confessed to that episode of boyhood, that it may not have to be spoken of again.

The great haunt of our wasps was the stibbard tree which stood in the hedge dividing the lawn in front of the house from the kitchen garden. The stibbard is an early apple, earlier even, we think, than the quarantin, softer and not ruddy-faced like the quarantin, ripening rather with a golden glow, but very sweet and juicy. We loved the stibbards, and so did the wasps. It was not without peril from their stings that we endeavored to knock or shake down the stibbard that seemed to us most golden-ripe. Sometimes better than any on the tree would seem one which had fallen to the ground of its own mellowness; but we would never pick up such an one without first rolling it over with the foot, for often an apple that looked perfect from the one side might have a hole in the other, through which so many wasps had passed to eat of its juicy substance that beneath its seeming perfect skin it was more wasp than apple. In this case, on turning it over, the wasps would come tumbling out, bustling over each other and scarcely able to fly owing to the intoxicating effect on them of the apple-juice.

A little farther down the path which edged the lawn, and led past the stibbard tree, was a poplar of the more spreading, less steeple-like kind. It exuded a gummy humor, and around this tree, for the sake, as we believed, of a certain sugariness in the gum, the wasps were always humming. One year it was much beset by hornets, so much so that we believed them to have a nest somewhere in the tree, but we never cared to climb it to examine closely. We had an enormous respect, exaggerated very likely, for a hornet. Three stings of a hornet, we had been told, would kill a man; and we were always very ready to credit anything that had in it an element of awe or horror. The sting of a bee we dreaded too; there was always such a trouble in getting the sting out. We derived immense satisfaction from the consideration that with its sting the bee lost its life; but still that did not quite compensate us for the swelling and

discomfort. Wasps stung us so frequently that after a while we grew to treat their stings with little attention. They grew to hurt less, as it seemed, and we believe in point of fact that one does become so inoculated that the poison loses much of its effect. Of course we should have wished that a wasp should die, like a bee, after stinging, but it was satisfactory to think that we could generally catch the rascal and execute him for ourselves. We tried various methods of taking wasps' nests, but naphtha was the means which we liked best. It stupefied them so completely, that you might dig out the nest and have it perfect. If you dipped the nest into boiling water, you would then kill all the larvæ and nymphs, and if you were careful in picking them out afterwards, could keep the nest as a not too highly smelling trophy. If you take the nest at night, as you should, it is not at all wise to wait till the next morning before dipping it into the scalding water. Our butler made this mistake, but only once. Authority looked with grace upon our crusade against wasps' nests; had even expressed some interest and some incredulity about our statement that more than one queen could generally be found in a nest; had finally even mentioned a wish to see a nest as it was when dug out, always under our guarantee that the wasps were thoroughly stupefied beyond prospect of present revival. There was no trouble in arranging this. The rag soaked in naphtha was duly thrust within the hole in the bank which was the outlet of the nest, a match was put to the rag, a sod was put over the hole. A little trouble might be given by a few laggard wasps returning home late, as they will on a warm, light night; but all who were in bed and asleep were perfectly unconscious and harmless when we removed the sod and dug them out.

It was a fine large nest, and we took special pains to remove it unbroken; then we enclosed it in a duster and triumphantly bore it into the presence of Authority. It was a quaint scene —

boyhood, with all the dirt associated with the digging of a wasps' nest on itself and its worst clothes, blinking in the glare of the bright lights which were a startling contrast to the cool tones of the summer night, proudly unfolding a corner of the duster to exhibit our grimy prize to Authority in spotless evening attire, which it withdrew with a rustling of the petticoats, and fearful apprehensions lest the insects should not be completely comatose. Authority showed a discreet and complimentary interest, but an interest which was quickly satisfied, and gave place to a desire that both boyhood, in its present condition, and wasps' nest, in its present or any other condition, should be removed from its presence as soon as possible. Boyhood was told that it was much too late to be out of doors, and high time to leave off those dirty clothes and go to bed. This, as was well understood, was not to be taken as a special rebuke, for Authority very well knew that wasps' nests could not be taken except after sundown, and the taking of wasps' nests it considered a good work; it was only an expression of the general attitude of Authority towards boyhood, the attitude which has found its best-known illustration in the pointless joke of *Punch*, "Go and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him he mustn't." From Tommy's point of view there is no joke in it whatever.

Boyhood, however, retired with a glad sense of having done its duty, and the butler was summoned to remove the wasps' nest. He was a new butler who had lately come from London. He knew nothing about wasps' nests; he did not even know that wasps, according to the Devonshire lingo, ought, properly speaking, to be called "appliedraues." Nevertheless he ought to have known that it was his duty to do as he was told. He did not do so. He was told to take away the wasps' nest, and put it into scalding water immediately. Especial stress was laid upon that adverb *immediately*; but the stress did not communicate itself to the

mind of the butler. He thought (a butler should never think) that it would be enough if the wasps' nest were put into the scalding water on the morrow morning. For the night, he put it into the pantry. He had quite forgotten about the wasps' nest when he opened the pantry door the next morning, but was very quickly and pointedly reminded of it. The entire pantry was one angry buzz. Wasps swarming on the window panes shut out the light of day. Wasps angrily buzzing into the butler's face made him close his eyes and rush blindly away, pursued, like Orestes, by a stream of Furies. Wasps stinging him ferociously in every vulnerable part might have suggested another classic simile, the shirt of Nessus. The butler knew nothing of these classic characters. Until the previous evening he had known nothing of wasps. Now, of a sudden, he found his knowledge of them much too intimate. He was stung fearfully all over, as he reported, meaning, thereby, wherever a wasp was able to reach his unprotected skin to sting it. The trouble did not end with the butler. The wasps, following him from the pantry, pervaded every room of the house. There were few members of that domestic circle who escaped being stung by them. In the end, the coachman, with his life in his hand and his person protected by the bridal arrangement of muslins in which he was accustomed to hive a swarm of bees, fought his way into the pantry bearing a pail of scalding water, in which he immersed the wasps' nest, and, opening the windows, allowed the survivors to fly forth into a homeless world. It was a tragic page in our boyhood's history, bearing in fiery characters the moral that one should always do as one is told. Of course, the brunt of the blame, as was but rational, fell upon the butler, who soon afterwards gave warning; but a portion of it, as was but human, fell to the share of boyhood, with an injunction in strictest terms never again to bring a wasps' nest into the house.

We had great ambitions, which we never arrived at gratifying, to have the nests of some of these social insects (we did not much care which) under glass, so that we might make a study of their habits. Once we did go the length of digging up a bumble bees' nest, enclosing the whole mass of moss and comb and hotly buzzing chestnut-colored insects in a muslin bag, and transferring it to a box which had been fitted with a glass back. We placed the box on the window-sill of the room in which were our birds, our white mice, skins, caterpillars, and all the other captives of our bows and spears. Then we withdrew the cork wherewith we had closed the entrance-hole, which we had intended to be the door of the hive. The bees so far availed themselves of it as to find their way out by this hole, but did not fulfil the second part of our intention, which was that they should return again by the same convenient passage. The faithless insects abandoned their home and their honeycomb, and we never set eyes on them again.

It was a sad disappointment. We had indulged in pleasant visions of beguiling the interminable hours of the hopelessly wet days, which were not uncommon in our western county, by watching the curious doings of the bees, and even had visions of their making for us vast stores of honey. In point of fact, the humble bee (which is a more correct name for it than the homely "bumble") makes very little honey, sufficient only for the few individuals of which its societies are composed, and that little of a poor, earthy flavor.

We have often speculated how long, by the adult measurement of time, a wet day is to boyhood. Even a fine day was of measureless length, and the six weeks' summer holidays a virtual eternity, for their end was quite beyond the horizon of our mental view. But on the wet days, — the really hopeless ones on which the rooks knew that it was no good waiting for better times, and that they must just come out and chance colds and rheumatism if they

meant to pick up any dinner — then, when the birds had been cleaned and tended, and the cotton-wool bed of the white mice renewed, and a few finishing touches put to the stuffed birds which were stiffening, with some supports, upon their twigs, then what had the day to offer? One could sit a whole half-hour or more over Wood's "Natural History" or "The Dog Crusoe," but even at the end of that great lapse of time there remained enormously long hours unconsumed. We would watch the cows munching steadily with heads turned away from the rain, confirming the presage of the rooks. Had it been going to clear they would have clustered beneath the trees awaiting the fine weather; but they, like the rooks, knew that it was hopeless. Flattening our noses on the panes and watching the ceaseless drip was an entertainment which palled after five minutes. It was too wet even to go in search of food for the innumerable caterpillars which we kept in boxes fronted with perforated zinc. The hours were very blank.

Happily there always remained the stable-loft. We mounted to it by a fixed ladder leading up to a little door through which a boy could pass almost without stooping. Inside it was dark and musty. The only light came through a little slit in the far wall, opposite which stood the chaff-cutting machine with the shoot down which the chaff slid into the harness-room. The bulk of the long, low room was filled with bundles of hay, lying ready for the cutting. Around and behind these bundles were the most wondrous hiding-places, where an hour or two of a wet day might pass without dragging. For the secrecy appealed to our boyish reserve, and the darkness favored visions of the imagination, while underneath we could hear the horses stamping and champing, the pigeons murmuring to each other in their cote on the back wall of the stables, and the pigs grunting and squealing in their own place. Unless chaff-cutting was going on, no one shared this dark, musty solitude with us, except the

stable cats. Doubtless they caught abundance of mice in the loft, but our eyes, though they were sharp enough, could not see mice in that twilight; and though spiders, earwigs, beetles, and many queer insects must have been constantly about us, we were aware of nothing but an occasional "yellow underwing," who would rush with hurried flight from the place of concealment from which we had ousted him, immediately to disappear from our sight so soon as ever he settled again and closed the sober, brown over-wings on the bright yellow of the nether. The yellow underwing was always an object of eager pursuit, though I had several of his kind in my collection of moths. We set a value on moths in some proportion to their size, and common though he was, we found few bigger than the yellow underwing. Once we had caught two privet hawk-moths on the privet hedge around the elm-tree on which we put out our young jackdaws; but these were the only specimens of the hawk-moths which we ever found. Of course I except the humming-bird hawk-moth, which is a day-flier, and which we constantly caught as he poised, with wings moving at invisible speed, to suck the honey from the heliotropes. We scarcely accounted him a real moth, any more than we did the gamma or the six-spot burnet, or any other of the daylight-loving moths. But there was a charm, a mystery, and a fascination about going out into the dark, warm summer night with a bull's-eye lantern and hawking with a butterfly net, whether around the ivy blossom in the right season or trees whose stems we had previously anointed with a rich decoction of beer and sugar. In these latter visits there was a peculiar charm, and all the special excitement of the "stalk." For of course it would not do to go along with the eye of the lantern naked, as did Mr. Pickwick on a memorable occasion. The light would have alarmed the feasting moths at once, and we should not have found one waiting for us when we came to the anointed tree. The plan was to

creep along, in stealth and darkness, until we had arrived at the very tree, then to fix the net below the familiar place on which we had hung the rag soaked in the sugared beer — and then turn on the lantern! The tipsy moths, hurriedly rushing from their feast of alcoholic sweets, went reeling down into the receptive net. A few escaped, like ghosts, over its edges, and, vanishing, left us with the impression that fishes leave with us when they break away, that they were rarer, choicer, larger, than any which had come into the net. And then began the hard and delicate work of transferring the moths into the somniferous fumes of the chloroform bottle, a task which was rarely effected without some harm to the delicate downy wings. It is through the sense of smell that old memories are most readily revived, and we cannot now smell the peculiar, hot flavor of a lighted lantern without recalling that odor of the sugared beer which was so often associated with it, and fancying ourselves creeping, like Guy Fawkes, down the byways of the orchard, with the warm night airs playing upon us, and seeming to brush us with the invisible wings of ghostly moths.

It is a charming memory. There is in it an element of such sustained and progressive excitement, beginning with the delightful uncertainty whether there would be a moth at all about the rag; then, this uncertainty solved and satisfied, there remained yet to be seen their numbers and their kind; and this latter question could not be determined with any nicety out of doors by the lantern's shifty light, but must be the subject of further search in the pages of Morris's "*British Moths.*" And so, when all the trees had been visited, we would go happily to bed and dream magnificent and magnifying dreams of the creatures who had gleamed down into the net when the lantern's light struck them off the trees, and were now sleeping a last sleep in the big-necked, chloroform-befumed bottles. We believe there would be the same delight in it even now, could we go back to it. It would

at least be better than too much port wine and tobacco.

When we became of age to have a dog, the delights of the stable-loft were not so peaceful. He was a fox-terrier, white and black and tan, with one ear that cocked and one that drooped. Of course, his first proceeding was 'o dash behind the hay-bundles. Then there was a skurry, a spit, and a swear, a further scamper over the floor, and the slit of a window by the chaff-cutting machine was momentarily darkened by the passage of a fleeing cat, gone as soon as seen, and leaving the dog jumping up with whines and yelps of disappointed eagerness at the window which had given it egress. It was trying for the dog, yet he never seemed to tire of the entertainment. It was perennially new to him.

Cats, however, were by no means his only quarry. From the tangle of the orchard hedge he would often drag out, with fury, a great round ball of leaves which examination showed to enclose a hedgehog, marvellously well protected by its spines from his attack. A full-grown hedgehog would last him half the day. After we had succeeded in calling him away, he would steal back, and from the house we would hear his cries of mingled rage and anguish, as he champed on the hard spines. After one of these encounters he would lie on the ground open-mouthed, and with his two fore paws pull spine after spine out of his lips and gums. Did the hedgehog miss the spines? A full-grown "hedgy-boar" (such was the local name for the hedgehog) was too much for him. The old fellows can roll themselves so tightly that not one dog in twenty has the hardihood to search shrewdly enough with his muzzle to reach their unprotected under parts. The younger ones have not the power of rolling themselves so tightly, neither do their prickles grow so profusely, nor so steely-hard. Any dog of average courage will kill them, poor things, in no time.

Even as boys, however, we had no animosity against the hedgehogs. Their utterly passive attitude disarmed us.

It is true we would urge Viper on to the wiry spines of a full-grown hedgehog; but from a young one, on which he was likely to be able to make his teeth fairly meet, we called him off, reproaching his cruelty. We have often wondered, since, whether Viper thought us illogical. We suspect he did, but believe that he understood us perfectly. He was a very loyal dog, always on our side rather than on that of Authority. Authority amused us often by endeavoring to interfere in our treatment of Viper. Viper was just as amused as we were. Everything that Authority said, of course, was perfectly true; but interference between a boy and his dog is like interference between husband and wife.

About once every fortnight Viper used to be lost. After some forty-eight hours he would return, encrusted with dirt, red-eyed, weary. We upbraided him, but the zeal in rabbiting which had led him to these temporary entombments commanded our heartfelt respect. Once he caught a very small rabbit, and laid out his corpse triumphantly upon the drawing-room sofa. Neither we nor Viper could quite understand the disfavor with which Authority looked upon this grand achievement. They said it spoiled the sofa, but even so (and it was not "so"), was not one small rabbit worth many sofas? It was most curious, the lack of sense of proportion in Authority.

If any one had ever taken the trouble to explain to us the relative financial values of rabbits and sofas, we should have understood the position, and would have entered into it at once. But this is just one of those things which Authority never does explain. It had never occurred to Authority to put itself into our position, or at once it must have seen that our interest in rabbits was immense, our interest in sofas nil, and therefore that the relative value of rabbits, as compared with sofas, was infinitely large in our eyes. But if Authority had taken the trouble to express sofas in terms of rabbits, pointing out to us that the price of a

sofa would buy, say, four hundred grown rabbits, and goodness knows how many of the size that Viper had slain, then we should at once have entered into the matter from the standpoint of Authority, for the financial argument appeals very strongly to a boy. Problems of finance afflict him more pressingly, as a rule, than any others, and he can grasp questions into which sixpences and shillings enter with a surprising avidity. It is not much use to talk to him in terms of sovereigns, for the sum is too big to be familiar, and only dazzles the brain by its magnitude. After all, the whole problem of education resolves itself into a question of the faculty to "put yourself in his place." Unfortunately it is a faculty given to very, very few.

Viper had it. We cannot conceive how, otherwise, he could have been so successful as he was in catching moles. Very few dogs have the knack. In all our life we have known but four that were any good at it, and their methods were always the same. Very stealthily would they approach, attracted by the view of the dark line of molehills, or by the scent of the underground worker. Very slowly lifting each foot with separate thought and care, with many silent pauses in statuesque attitudes, they draw up to the little mounds. Once among them the progress must be yet more studied and careful, the statuesque moments of longer duration. Gradually the attitude of stealthy advance is changed for the collected crouching preparatory to a spring. Suddenly the dog leaps into the air like a salmon jumping from a pool. Like a salmon, too, the dog comes down again with a headlong dive. With wide-open jaws and paws together he lands, burying his muzzle in the ground where it heaved above the tunnelling mole, tearing away from the ground a great mouthful of moss and grass, and earth, and amongst it all the little warm black body out of which he is shaking the life.

Or it may be that the little warm black body has altogether escaped him, so that his mouthful is nothing but

vain, disgusting earth and moss. Then there is nothing for it but to shake the earth out of one's mouth, to claw away with one's paw the grass, to spit out the moss, and to go away with head and tail depressed, hoping for better luck next time. It is no good going on digging and scratching; the mole is much quicker at that game; and the vain digging and scratching is the method of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine dogs out of a thousand who have not been given the excellent faculty of putting themselves in the mole's place. For without that indispensable gift, how was one to know that the mole would take fright and retreat at once into underground fortresses? How was one to know indeed that a little heaving of the earth, like an earthquake in miniature, meant a mole at all, unless one had thought out the manner in which the black villain, sedulously digging, was likely to make his way beneath the soil?

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

So much has been said and written during the course of the last few years with regard to the unsatisfactory relations existing between Sweden and Norway that many people must doubtless have lost interest in the matter, and begun to suspect that a crisis extending already over so many years of the past, may be almost indefinitely prolonged into the future. Nevertheless the idea would not be a correct one, for the standing quarrel between the two countries has recently assumed such proportions, and tended towards such definite issues, that no one whose attention has been specially directed to the history of the controversy can doubt that a final settlement of some kind or another is at hand.

It is, moreover, too often forgotten that the Scandinavian question has an international bearing of great interest and importance. Ever since the re-

arrangement of the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars the boundary between Russia and Norway has remained fixed and stationary. If an atlas be consulted, it will be noticed that in one district, in the extreme north of Norrland, Russian territory reaches to within a few miles of the Varanger Fjord, a narrow strip only of Norwegian territory intervening between it and the coast. This fjord contains many fine harbors, which are free from ice all the year round; just such harbors as Russia has always coveted. Under present conditions, Russia's navy in time of war would have to base its operations from three inland seas, two of which are rendered unnavigable by ice during the winter months. It will be easy to realize what an accession to Russia's naval strength the acquisition of such an open port on the North Sea would be.

Although Russia during a period of eighty years has made no openly aggressive movement against Norway, she has nevertheless pursued her well-known methods of preparing a way beforehand. She has done all within her power to encourage her subjects to emigrate into Norrland and settle there, with the result that there are at the present date considerable numbers of Russian Finns inhabiting the neighborhood of the Varanger. She has also, with the permission of Norway *bien entendu*, constructed a railway which connects Russia with the eastern margin of the Fjord.

Should the Norwegian separatists get their way, a step, and a very important one, would be gained by Russia. Members of the party have before now openly advocated the surrender of the Varanger Fjord to Russia. It has even been suspected that they may have entered into negotiations, with a view to ascertaining if Russia would be willing to lend them her support in their efforts to obtain a separation, and offering the Fjord as the price to be paid for it. But this is not all. At the time of the formation of the Union between Sweden and Norway, En-

gland, Prussia, and Austria guaranteed the integrity of Norway. Thus, as things are now situated, any act of aggression on the part of Russia against Norrland might, and probably would, be treated by the guaranteeing powers as a *casus belli*. But, in the event of the Union being repealed, this treaty guarantee would no longer hold good, and thus another obstacle in the way of Russia would be removed.

Before entering into the merits of the dispute it will be as well to make clear what is the exact nature of the union between Sweden and Norway, for it is probably without a parallel in history, and is certainly not, as a rule, very clearly apprehended outside the limits of the countries themselves.

By the terms of the Treaty of Kiel (January, 1814) Denmark ceded Norway, which until that time had been under her rule and subject to the same laws and constitution with herself, to Sweden, the intention being that Norway should become incorporated with Sweden, and the two countries should form one kingdom ruled over by one king. Against this arrangement the Norwegians rebelled. They chose a Danish prince as their king, and drew up a Constitution for themselves. This Constitution was founded on the French Republican model of 1791, and gave as little power to their self-elected king as could well be contrived.

Naturally, this plan neither suited the views of Sweden nor the great powers. Karl Johan repaired to Norway to support his claims. The short war of 1814 followed, and Norway was compelled to lay down her arms and withdraw all opposition to the Union. Karl Johan could then have dictated what terms he chose—could, for instance, have insisted that Norway should have been incorporated with Sweden, as she had previously been incorporated with Denmark. But, with a moderation which, considering the time at which it was exercised, must be looked upon as remarkable, he allowed Norway to retain the Constitution she had chosen for herself, subject to the condition that he should be chief of the State, and that, so far as foreign rela-

tions were concerned, Sweden and Norway should form one kingdom.

Under the terms of the Treaty of Union Norway was thus granted a most complete measure of Home Rule. She was given her own Parliament and her own ministers in all departments excepting in that of foreign affairs. She could levy her own taxes, both direct and indirect. She was to have the control of her own schools, and to retain her ancient municipal institutions and courts of justice. She could make her own laws regulating bankruptcy, inheritance, and social matters in general. No Swede could occupy any official position in Norway. With all this, the king's prerogatives were limited within remarkably narrow bounds. He was not empowered to dissolve the Legislative Assembly, and had only a suspensive veto granted to him. That is to say, — any law passed three times in succession by the Storting, or Norwegian Parliament, became valid, in spite of the king's veto. It will thus be seen that whereas Sweden is, and has been since 1815, a limited constitutional monarchy, Norway is, and has been during that period, in reality a republic. In fact King Oscar at the present time is not, as his title would indicate, king of the United Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, but instead, king of the kingdom of Sweden and president of the republic of Norway. Moreover, as president he is entrusted with a lesser degree of power than is the case probably with the president of any other republic.

The case for Norway has been frequently stated in English, French, and German reviews, and is comparatively familiar to the readers of them. It has, perhaps, been most concisely and effectively advocated by Björnstjerne Björnson, the well-known politician and novelist. His arguments are that under the terms of Norway's first constitution, she was to be a free and independent State, appointing her own consular body and ambassadors, to be selected from her own citizens. That she was to have had power of concluding treaties with foreign powers, and

of receiving ambassadors for them. That, nevertheless, these privileges were taken from her by Sweden because she was stronger than Norway. But that now Norway having grown in power and wealth, is in a position to demand the realization of her first ideals. Moreover, he has pointed out with some force that Norway's mercantile marine ranks second in importance in Europe, and third in the world; whereas that of Sweden is comparatively insignificant. That it is, therefore, not right or just that the control of the consular service should rest entirely with Sweden. Norway should have at least an equal voice with Sweden with regard to the appointments to the consular posts. Further, that what Norway above all desires is an assured prospect of peace, so that she may be able freely and without anxiety to develop her industrial and commercial resources. That she suspects Sweden of dabbling in Continental politics, and hankering after foreign alliances which might involve, not only herself, but Norway also, in a Continental war — and that if only for that reason it would be prudent for Norway to demand complete control over her own foreign policy. Moreover, he has contended that, as a general principle, justifying in his opinion the whole course of Norway's political action towards Sweden since the commencement of the union, Norway is within her rights when she claims to be considered as a completely independent State, united, it is true, in a defensive federation with Sweden, and sharing with her a common king and royal dynasty, but in every other respect free and autonomous, even in respect of the full control and regulation of her foreign relations.

Swedish statesmen and journalists reply to these contentions of Norway by saying that, other things being fair and equal between the two countries, there would be no objection, in view of the modern development of Norway's population, riches, and foreign trade, to granting her an equal voice with Sweden in the regulation of foreign

affairs. Also, that there need be no insuperable impediment in the way of granting her an equal control over appointments to the consular service. But other things are not fair and equal between the two countries, for Norway enjoys privileges and immunities which Sweden does not. Should Sweden make the concessions required of her without obtaining any others in return, she would be a heavy loser under the conditions of the union, it would no longer be a fair partnership. Norway, she maintains, is giving too little and asking too much. It should be noted here, that the alternative proposal of Norway, namely, that she should have a *separate* foreign minister, and a *separate* consular service, is looked upon by Sweden as wholly inadmissible. The two countries are already independent of each other as regard internal administration; if there were two foreign ministers and two consular services, the union, it is very reasonably maintained, would be no real union at all—an avowed separation would be preferable.

It has already been pointed out that Sweden was strikingly considerate and magnanimous with regard to the terms on which the union with Norway was originally drawn up. It has been a source of vexation to her ever since to perceive that Norway has never evinced the slightest gratitude. As a matter of fact, Norway has been agitating for one thing or another ever since the date of the signature of the Act of Union. The history of the period has been one of continual aggression on the part of Norway, of patient resistance and eventual concession on the part of Sweden. Thus, in 1835, the Norwegians obtained the privilege of being represented by their minister in any Council of State which should deal with matters of foreign politics. In 1836, they insisted on being placed on a footing of equality with regard to the appointments to the consular service. In 1844, they obtained a separate flag for their own for their ships of war. At a later date they insisted that the king must perform his political duties

in Norway personally, and himself be present in Christiania every year for a certain period, so that since it has not been permissible for him to depute his office to a viceroy. Again, in 1884, the Norwegian Storting insisted that the king's ministers should sit in the Storting and be responsible to that Assembly. On meeting with opposition on the part of the king, they impeached his ministers on the plea that they had tendered evil counsel to his Majesty. In the upshot they were dismissed from their office and subjected to a fine of eighteen thousand kronor.

The development of the more recent phases of the dispute has been as follows. In view of the discontent oftentimes expressed on the part of Norway with regard to her share in the control of the foreign relations of the two kingdoms, the king, during his annual visit to Christiania in the spring of 1891, submitted to the Storting a proposal initiated by the Swedish Council of State, having as object so to reorganize the foreign department that the United Kingdoms should each have a fair share in the regulation of foreign affairs. This proposal was somewhat summarily rejected by the Storting on the ground that the Norwegian people, as represented by the Storting, had, without even consulting Sweden, the right to decide the questions of a separate foreign minister and a separate consular service for themselves.

Thereupon the Conservative ministry under the leadership of M. Stang handed in their resignation and the Radical party headed by M. Steen came to power. It was understood that the new ministry would insist on a separate minister of foreign affairs and would be satisfied with nothing short of that. Nevertheless when the Storting of 1892 assembled, M. Steen and his ministry found it would be politic to sink that particular question for the time being, and instead to bring to the front the question of a separate consular service.

The Norwegian ministers' way of

dealing with this new issue awakened much indignation in Sweden. They maintained that this project also concerned Norway only and could properly be decided without in any way consulting Sweden. Nevertheless it was soon perceived that the king would not sanction such a method of procedure, and therefore the ministers did not venture to broach the matter officially in a Council of State. They each spoke privately and unofficially with the king upon the subject, and on finding, as was to be expected, that his Majesty most decidedly considered that the question did concern Sweden equally with Norway, they tendered their resignation.

The king was thereby placed in a dilemma; he could not form an effective Conservative administration because that party were so much in a minority. Affairs were at a deadlock. Mass meetings and popular demonstrations ensued for the space of a month or so. At last the Storting petitioned the ministers to resume their portfolios, and to consider the consular question to be postponed until further notice.

As to the intrinsic merits of the consular question, it is difficult to see in what respect the Norwegians have any just cause for complaint. It is true that the Swedish minister for foreign affairs has exclusive power to appoint consuls, but he and his predecessors have exercised that power with such discretion that at the present time the majority of the consuls representing the united kingdoms are Norwegians and not Swedes. Again, as has been before mentioned, Norway's mercantile navy is large, whereas that of Sweden is small, consequently Norway derives the most use and advantage from the joint consular service. Nevertheless, Sweden contributes four-sevenths, whereas Norway contributes only three-sevenths of the salaries and expenses. It should be added that Norwegian shipowners are as a body opposed to a separate consular service for Norway; and that whereas it is customary for the Norwegian Storting before pass-

ing any measure of importance to submit it to the consideration and for the report of a commission of experts, in the instance of the bill for a separate Norwegian consular service it was not thought advisable to follow the usual course of procedure. The experts, it was easy to foresee, would pass a judgment adverse to the scheme.

It seems in fact clear enough that the consular question was only resorted to by the ministry of 1892, because it was not convenient at the moment to push the matter of the acquisition of a separate or joint minister of foreign affairs. The ground had been cut under their feet by the proposal, emanating from Sweden, to grant Norway a voice in the regulation of foreign affairs upon certain conditions. If this proposal had been accepted, Norway would have acquired a due proportion of influence in the department in question, if she would only consent to undertake her share in the common defence of the two kingdoms in proportion to population.

This proper responsibility she has hitherto been able to evade in the following manner. In 1814 Norway had a population of eight hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants, and an army of twenty-three thousand men available for the defence of the United Kingdoms, and which could be summoned to its colors at the call of the Swedish general-in-chief. At the present time the population of Norway numbers two million, and therefore, in proportion to the increase, she should be prepared to send fifty-two thousand men into the field. But, as a matter of fact, she can now only fit out twelve thousand men.

Under the terms of the Act of Union it was incumbent on Norway to furnish a certain number of troops to the army of the line to be available for the service of the United Kingdom, and a certain number to the reserve, a defensive force which should, under no pretext, be called upon to serve beyond the limits of the Norwegian frontier. By an unfortunate oversight it was nowhere exactly defined in the Act of

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Union what the army of the line should consist of, and what the reserve. The result has been that Norway has gradually abstracted from the army of the line available for foreign service, and added to the reserve available only for home defence.

It is the same also with regard to ships of war. Norway, with one of the finest mercantile navies in the world, has grudged the expense of taking her share in what should be the united fleet of Sweden and Norway, so that at the present time she has practically no battleships with which to help the sister kingdom or protect her own commerce in time of need.

The Swedish proposal of 1891, whilst it offered Norway a voice in the regulation of foreign affairs, naturally contemplated a readjustment of such unfair conditions as these. But the Steen ministry, not wishing to risk their popularity by any increase of expenditure, found it prudent to drop the question of a separate or joint foreign minister, and instead, to insist that the consular question should receive immediate attention. A grievance of some sort or another against Sweden was necessary in order to keep the party together, and furnish a cry for the elections.

So, in fact, Norway's argument comes to this. She says her merchant navy is large, therefore, she ought to have the power of appointing consuls. But when Sweden objects that in that case she should be prepared to pay more than three-sevenths of the joint vote, she retorts that her population is small, and that the taxation should be in proportion to population.

The majority of the Steen ministry, when it came to power in 1892, consisted of fourteen votes in a house numbering one hundred and fourteen members. Although the consular question proved an effective party cry from an electioneering point of view, yet the majority has nearly disappeared, inasmuch as the elections of 1894 resulted in a loss of ten votes, so that at present the Conservatives of the Storting number fifty-five and their opponents

fifty-nine. Moreover, it is probable that, had it not been for the support of the Social Democrats which was given to the Radical side upon considerations other than the questions immediately at issue, the Left would have lost its majority altogether.

At the present time the king is governing with a minority in the Storting, M. Stang continuing to be his minister. But the arrangement can scarcely continue very long, since the Storting refuses to vote supplies. As it is, Sweden has had to defray the expenses of the consular and diplomatic services for the period between July and December, 1894. Moreover, during the course of 1894, the Storting reduced the amounts contributable by Norway towards the King's Civil List and that of the crown prince. Of course, such steps as these have caused much ill-feeling in Sweden, and make it difficult for those in power to continue to act with that prudent moderation which has hitherto marked their policy.

In the opinion of the present writer that is the great danger of the present situation. Sweden may be tempted to teach Norway a lesson. The thing would be so easily done. Norway has few soldiers, no fighting sailors, and no ships of war. Nothing would be easier than for Sweden to occupy Christiania with an army corps and blockade her ports with her fleet. She would then doubtless be in a position to dictate her own terms for the time. But how long could Sweden maintain her advantage? and how would it be possible for her to administer Norway after the troops and ships of war were withdrawn? It seems clear that an irreconcilable hatred against Sweden would be engendered amongst all Norwegians, that they would slowly arm against the sister country, and that eventually separation would be made only the more certain for being deferred.

Two other developments of the present difficult situation are possible. Either there may be a separation without war, or else some definite and permanent arrangement may be come to whereby Sweden and Norway may

maintain their defensive union under one king upon conditions satisfactory to them both. Of these two developments it is to be sincerely hoped that the first is not a probable one to occur. It would be a matter for the deepest regret if Norway should attempt a separate national existence, and Sweden were to acquiesce in the matter. Norway with her two millions of inhabitants is not strong enough to stand alone. She would fall under the influence or the protection of a foreign power with the consequent loss of all real independence, and probably part

of her northern territory. If, on the other hand, the second alternative is to come to pass, and the Act of Union is to be remodelled on a basis satisfactory to both countries alike, then it will be needful for the Norwegians to give proof of possessing some slight spirit of compromise, and also to restrain their undoubted powers of exasperation within reasonable limits. Surely Sweden has had forbearance enough already, and ought not to be pushed farther.

M. S. CONSTABLE.

(*H.B.M.'s. Consul at Stockholm.*)

A LAWLESS ISLAND.—In the Lancashire Chancery Court, Liverpool, Vice-Chancellor Robinson heard the petition of Pownall v. Joule, in which Mr. Maberly, for the trustees of an Irish estate, sought directions under peculiar circumstances. The property, he said, consisted of Tory and other islands, and Donegal holdings on the mainland. The land commissioners had absolutely declined to accept the surrender of Tory Island, from which no rent had been received for some years. From affidavits it appeared that for the years 1891-94 there had been a deficit on the estate of £110 9s., while Colonel Irvine, agent for the property, said that Tory Island was in a state of lawlessness, and the life of any one going there to collect rents would be in peril. A tax collector who went there had been set upon, stripped of his clothing, and sent adrift in a boat, while another was assaulted, and returned less of a man than when he went. Mr. Astbury, for the tenants for life, said that if the property were put up for sale it was very doubtful whether it would be a good sale unless they disclosed the whole of this shocking state of affairs, and if they were disclosed a sale would be perfectly hopeless, because the people of this island, who were principally women, were absolutely lawless. There was a suggestion made by Mr. Price that, owing to the fall in the price of produce, principally oats, the rents should be reduced, as other rents had been reduced. If that were done, and a little patience exercised, perhaps something could be done. After discussion, the vice-chancellor said he could not direct an im-

mediate sale, but would give the trustees liberty to apply for the reduction of the rent if called upon to do so by the tenants for life, or until further order.

THERE is an interesting note in the Bulletin of the Royal Gardens, Kew, on the use of green glass in plant-houses. The use of glass of a green tint has been for half a century a characteristic peculiarity of the plant-houses at Kew, having been adopted in 1845-46 on the recommendation of Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., on the ground that while admitting light and chemical power in the same proportions as white glass, it would obstruct the passage of those rays which produce scorching. Recent investigations have, however, shown that the green glass used at Kew intercepts about one-half of the effective influence of ordinary sunlight on the processes of plant-life. Of late years the increasing haziness of the sky, due to the smoke produced by the rapid extension of London to the south-west, has produced the same effect at Kew as the use of green glass; and it has become obvious that in the future the plant-houses must be so constructed as to exclude as little of the available sunlight as possible. Since 1886 the use of green glass has, therefore, been discontinued in all the houses except the fern-houses and the palm-house; and, it having been proved by experiment that even filmy ferns thrive better under white than under green light, if direct exposure to the sun is excluded, the use of green glass will now be altogether abandoned at Kew.

Nature.

